

THE

Manchester Quarterly

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

OF

LITERATURE AND ART.



Contents:

	PAGE
I.—Some Cheshire Village Characteristics (with two Illustrations). By W. V. BURGESS	105
II.—George Bernard Shaw. By WILLIAM BAGSHAW ...	115
III.—The Heart of Lakeland: Memories and Anticipations. By L. J. OPPENHEIMER	141
IV.—Evening at Abydos, Upper Egypt. By HUGH STANNUS	160
V.—George Herbert. By WILLIAM C. HALL	161
VI.—Stanzas for Music. By GEORGE MILNER.....	168
VII.—Concerning the Clergy of Fiction. By GEORGE H. BELL.....	169
VIII.—A Song to the Wind. By LAURENCE CLAY	180
IX.—Advertisements. By J. H. BROCKLEHURST	181

Published by SHERRATT & HUGHES, 27, St. Ann Street, Manchester.

INVALUABLE BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

Revised to 1901.

Complete in Ten Vols., Imperial 8vo., cloth, £5; half mor., £7. 10s.

Contains THIRTY THOUSAND ARTICLES contributed by Specialists such as W. E. Gladstone, R. D. Blackmore, Andrew Lang, W. E. Henley, Canon Ainger, Thomas A. Edison, A. R. Wallace, Dean Farrar, and a host of writers of equal eminence.

Pall Mall Gazette, 5th March, 1898, says—"In many ways the 'Britannica' is a work rather for the specialist than the ordinary man, whose wants are far better supplied by the brief but far more comprehensive notes of 'Chambers's.'"

NOW READY. Volumes I. and II. Price 10s. 6d. each net. To be completed in Three Volumes.

NEW EDITION OF CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Edited by DAVID PATRICK, LL.D.

A History Critical and Biographical of Authors in the English Tongue from the earliest times till the present day, with specimens of their writings.

Contains contributions by Rev. Stopford Brooke, Professor P. Hume Brown, A. H. Bullen, Austin Dobson, Dr. Samuel R. Gardiner, Edmund Gosse, F. Hindes Groome, Andrew Lang, Sidney Lee, A. W. Pollard, Professor Saintsbury, and others.

Chambers's Biographical Dictionary.

One Volume, Crown 8vo., Cloth, 10s. 6d.; Half-morocco, 15s.

Dealing with many thousand Celebrities of all Nations from the remotest times to the present day; with copious Bibliographies and Pronunciations of the more difficult Names.

CHAMBERS'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

A New Large-type Dictionary of the English Language.

Complete in One Vol., Imperial 8vo., 1264 pages. Cloth, 12s. 6d.; Half-mor., 18s.
Edited by Rev. Thomas Davidson.

" A workmanlike and well-appointed volume. . . . A valuable and useful dictionary that would enrich any library."—*Scotsman*.

CHAMBERS'S CONCISE GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD.

Topographical, Statistical, Historical, Pronouncing.

Crown 8vo., Cloth, 768 pages, Price 6s. With 32 Maps (forming an excellent Atlas), Cloth, 8s.; Half-morocco, 12s.

"A very useful volume, which contains a really prodigious amount of information about many thousands of places."—*Times*.

All the above books are to be seen at Messrs. SHERRATT & HUGHES, Booksellers, St. Ann Street, Manchester, and with the exception of net books are supplied at 25% discount for cash.

Messrs. SHERRATT & HUGHES

BEG TO ANNOUNCE THAT THE FOLLOWING

PUBLICATIONS

BY MEMBERS OF THE MANCHESTER LITERARY CLUB

ARE FOR SALE AT THEIR ESTABLISHMENT

27, St. Ann Street, Manchester.

AUTHOR.	TITLE.	DATE.	PRICE.
WILLIAM E. A. AXON	The Ancoats Skylark	1894	1s.
" "	Life of William Lloyd Garrison ...	1890	1s. 6d.
W. V. BURGESS ...	Hand in Hand with Dame Nature ...	1900	3s. 6d.
" "	One Hundred Sonnets—With Intro- ductory Essay	1901	2s.
W. R. CREDLAND ...	The Manchester Public Free Libraries	1899	3s.
ERNEST FLETCHER (Edited by)	The Conversations of James Northcote, R.A., with James Ward, on Art and Artistes (containing twenty illustrations)	1901	10s. 6d.
ARTHUR W. FOX ...	A Book of Bachelors	1899	10s.
ABEL HEYWOOD ...	Norwegian Fairy Tales, translated from the Collection of P. Chr. Asbjørnsen and Jörgen Moe. Illustrated by Bessie Du Val ...	1895	5s.
GEORGE MILNER ...	Country Pleasures (4th Edition) ...	1900	3s. 6d.
" "	Studies of Nature on the Coast of Arran. Illustrated by W. Noel Johnson	1894	4s. 6d.
" "	From Dawn to Dark: A Book of Verses	1896	5s.
" "	A Glossary of the Lancashire Dialect, by G. Milner & J. H. Nodal. (2 Vols.)
" "	Bennett Street Memorials: A Record of Sunday School Work	1880	3s. 6d.
" " (Edited by)	Gleanings from a Manuscript Magazine (3 vols.)	1875 to 1890	1s. 6d. each

Messrs. SHERRATT & HUGHES

BEG TO ANNOUNCE THAT THE FOLLOWING

PUBLICATIONS

BY MEMBERS OF THE MANCHESTER LITERARY CLUB

ARE FOR SALE AT THEIR ESTABLISHMENT

27, St. Ann Street, Manchester.

AUTHOR.	TITLE.	DATE.	PRICE.
GEORGE MILNER ...	The Works of Edwin Waugh. (3 Vols.) Edited by, with Prefaces and Introductions, Biographical and Critical	1892	3/6 each
THOMAS NEWBIGGING	Essays at Eventide	1898	3s. 6d.
" "	Lancashire Humour	1900	2s. 6d.
" "	Do. (Second Edition). Illustrated ...	1901	2s. 6d.
" "	Lancashire Characters and Places ...	1891	...
" "	The Scottish Jacobites: Their Songs, Music, and Battles. Illustrated.	1899	3s. 6d.
CHARLES NICKSON	Belfast and North of Ireland ...	1896	1s.
" "	History of Runcorn. Illustrated by Hedley Fitton	1887	10s. 6d.
JUDGE PARRY and HENRY WATSON, Mus. Doc.	Butter-Scotia Ballads	1900	...
REV. G. A. PAYNE	Mrs. Gaskell and Knutsford	1900	3s.
J. PHYTHIAN ...	Story of Art in the British Isles ...	1901	1s.
TINSLEY PRATT ...	Persephone in Hades	1899	3s. 6d.
" " ...	Wordsworth and Rydaland other Poems	1899	...
ROWLAND THIRLMERE (John Walker)	A Woman of Emotions. (Allen) ...	1901	5s.
" "	Idylls of Spain. (Mathews)... ..	1897	4s. 6d.



Contents:

	PAGE
I.—Some Cheshire Village Characteristics (with two Illustrations). By W. V. BURGESS.....	105
II.—George Bernard Shaw. By WILLIAM BAG-SHAW	115
III.—The Heart of Lakeland: Memories and Anticipations. By L. J. OPPENHEIMER ...	141
IV.—Evening at Abydos, Upper Egypt. By HUGH STANNUS	160
V.—George Herbert. By WILLIAM C. HALL.....	161
VI.—Stanzas for Music. By GEORGE MILNER ...	168
VII.—Concerning the Clergy of Fiction. By GEORGE H. BELL	169
VIII.—A Song to the Wind. By LAURENCE CLAY.	180
IX.—Advertisements. By J. H. BROCKLEHURST..	181



Manchester Quarterly Advertiser.

APRIL, 1903.

NOTICE.— Communications intended for the Editor may be addressed to Mr. CREDLAND, 185, Great Cheetham Street, Higher Broughton.
Business letters, orders, &c., should be sent to the publishers, MESSRS. SHERRATT AND HUGHES, 27, St. Ann Street, Manchester.

Manchester Literary Club.

FOUNDED 1862.

The objects of the MANCHESTER LITERARY CLUB are:—

1. To encourage the pursuit of Literature and Art; to promote research in the several departments of intellectual work; and to further the interests of Authors and Artists in Lancashire.
2. To publish from time to time works illustrating or elucidating the literature, art, and history of the county.
3. To provide a place of meeting where persons interested in the furtherance of these objects can associate together.

The methods by which these objects are sought to be obtained are:—

1. The holding of weekly meetings, from October to April, for social intercourse, and for the hearing and discussion of papers.
2. The publication of such papers, at length or abridged, in a Magazine, entitled the *Manchester Quarterly*, as well as in an annual volume of Transactions; and of other work undertaken at the instance of the Club, including a projected series of volumes dealing with local literature.
3. The formation of a library consisting of (a) works by members, (b) books by local writers or relating to the locality, and (c) general works of reference.
4. The exhibition, as occasion offers, of pictures by artist members of the Club.

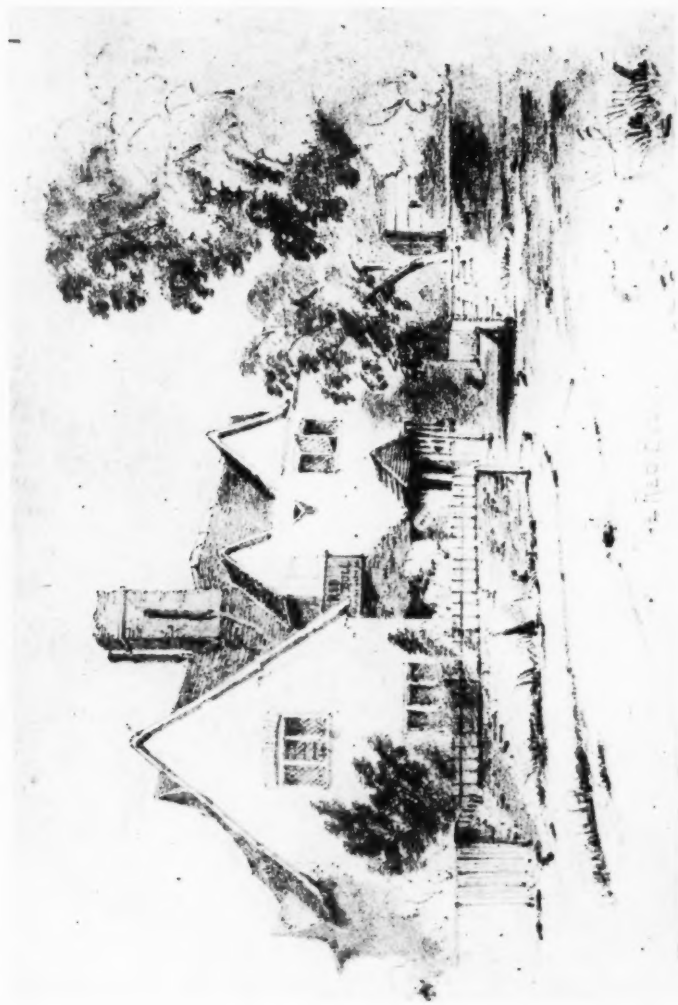
Membership of the Club is limited to authors, journalists, men of letters, painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, musical composers, members of the learned professions, and of English and foreign universities, librarians, and generally persons engaged or specially interested in literary or artistic pursuits.

The meetings are held at the Grand Hotel, Aytoun Street, every Monday evening during the Session. Each Session opens and closes with a *Conversazione*. There are also occasional Musical and Dramatic Evenings, and a Christmas Supper. During the vacation excursions are held, of which due notice is given.

W. R. CREDLAND, *Hon. Secretary*,

185, Great Cheetham Street, Higher Broughton.

e
e
e
l
f
e
l
)
s
e
,
e
d
s.
y
r-
a
ie



From a Pencil Drawing by W. F. Burgess.

THE RED BULL.



SOME CHESHIRE VILLAGE CHARACTERISTICS.

PART II.

By W. V. BURGESS.

ONE bitterly cold and snowy night in January, I was sitting with a few villagers round the fire at the "Red Bull," watching the sudden puffs of smoke which the wind now and again blew down the chimney, and listening betweenwhiles to the outside blast as it roared through the park beeches and round the ale-house gables. We had been relating stories of people who had met their deaths in snowdrifts, or perished in some other such terrible manner, but for the moment a meditative silence had fallen upon our little company.

Suddenly we were startled by a dull thud in the outer porch, and Teethy, the landlord, hooking down a lantern, hastened to remove the crossbar. Meantime, from without, a woman's voice shrieked: "For Heaven's sake open the door, quick"! The next moment the snow-covered figure of a man fell into the passage, followed by a woman half-frantic with grief. "In God's mercy, gentlemen, bear him to the fire, he's dying"! she screamed, and in a few seconds the unconscious man, having been stripped of his great-coat, was stretched across the chimney nook.

Dick Carden slipped out for Dr. Shackleton, and whilst Teethy moistened the poor fellow's lips with brandy, the woman alternately chafed his hands and wrung her own.

The doctor arriving, pronounced it an acute attack of pneumonia, and said there was little hope of the man surviving midnight. As a matter of fact, he died within two hours in spite of everything being done, which under the circumstances, it was possible to do.

I pray I may never again witness such hysterical grief as that stricken woman betrayed when the thin purple lips parted for the last time and she realized that her companion was no more. A white poodle which accompanied them intensified the pathos of the scene by adding piteous howls to the sobs of its mistress.

When the woman was calm enough for coherence, we learned that the dead man, the poodle and herself, represented an itinerant "Punch and Judy" concern, and were journeying from Middlewich to Frodsham when overtaken by the blizzard. The man who had barely recovered from a serious pulmonary attack succumbed to the cold, and his consort had literally dragged him, as we have seen, to the door of the hostel.

The woman's story was verified next morning. Near the spot which she indicated we found all that was left of the show apparatus. Poor Punch, having dropped from the showman's pocket, had been hurled into the recesses of a holly hedge. This celebrity, the only personage unaffected by the circumstances, was appropriated by Teethy, to whom in the matter of features, it bore a striking resemblance in miniature.

God be thanked such experiences are of rare occurrence in Mereham. Normal winter evenings at the "Red Bull" are of that comfortable, hail-fellow-well-met sort, which foster good comradeship, and encourage quip and story according to the humour of the teller. Should conversation flag, there is the cheerful roar of the fire to listen to, or the distant tinkling of glasses; the rise and fall of

shadows on the ceiling to watch, or the intermittent red in the smokers' bowls.

Not infrequently, Teethy is prevailed upon to sing. His repertoire consists of "The Mistletoe Bough" and "Ben Bolt," and when he asks, as is his custom, "Which will you have?" his friends know that whichever they name, he is sure to sing the other. Often have I seen the cheeks of these rough villagers wet with tears as Teethy has trolled:—

Don't you remember Sweet Alice Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, with eyes hazel brown,
How she wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?

'Tis strange how these peasants incline to sentiment of a harrowing nature. Josh Varnum once told me that he and his wife had been to the play at Warrington. "It wur a grand piece," he said, "choke full o' murder and hangin'. We did enjoy it; we wur cryin' all th' toime." He also related how that on another occasion they had attended the drama at Manchester. It was "The Babes in the Wood" pantomime, and at a certain point in the performance Mrs. Varnum had disturbed the audience by shrieking out: "Th' poor babs! Th' poor babs!" "Since then," continued Josh, "hoo's gotten babs o' her own a sight poorer than those hoo saw in th' pantomime."

Jerry Fryer, the roadmender, who heard this last story, said: "Now, now, tha should na eggshaggerate i' thattens Josh. Why does na tha tell lies that folk con believe?"

One afternoon the Rector chanced upon Jerry leaving the "Red Bull," and returning to his work at three o'clock. "Here, Jerry, you ought to resume your duties at one o'clock remember," said the Rector. "Weel, aw'm sure its only one now, for aw've just heerd it stroike three toimes

o'er," replied the road-mender. Another time he was getting his dinner by the roadside when someone asked if it were anything good. "No," mumbled Jerry, "ony a 'tater pie, one part 'taters an' t'other part all 'taters."

One may get a liberal education in country ways, too, by loitering outside a village inn. There is always something to see, someone to pass a word with, even in so quiet a place as Mereham. One day, with slight differences, represents all others. Yonder is young Tomkins carting cabbages to Northwich, and whistling lustily "The Easter Hymn," oblivious of the fact that one after another of his ill-packed cabbages are rattling off and forming a track of considerable length behind him. Here's a timber-laden waggon descending Mereham hill to the accompaniment of its own noisy brakes. Nearer at hand the miller's waggoner is cracking his whip and wiping his lips preparatory to moving his team from the cobbled front of the inn. The threshing machine in Makin's field has just ceased its booming, but the dust clouds still hang above it. Lawyer Bates and his three children drive up. Bates bawls out, "Now, Norley, help these children to alight." Norley, mistaking the nature of the request, produces a lantern. Now a red-coated huntsman arrives, and between gulps, we learn that the fox got away in Oakmere hollow, and could not again be scented. Anon a lull ensues, the roads seem deserted, and the village as if no living thing dwelt therein.

Then a cyclist scorches by, and Teethy, putting his head out of the window, tells me that when Norley first saw a bicycle ridden through Mereham he exclaimed, "Well, by gom! that's th' thinnist pony ever aw've seen."

The village bethel, or "Th' Ranters' Chapel," as the church folk irreverently call it, is in proverbially close proximity to the village inn. Neither the square plaster tablet which announces "Mount Zion" nor the trails of

ivy which creep its walls, can redeem the ugliness of the building, but the Prims have never been fastidious in this respect.

Some years ago I had pledged myself to attend one of their tabernacle anniversary services. And on a certain hot Sunday afternoon I found myself in the vestibule saying, "Good-day, Mr. Such." Personal dignity is best retained by addressing the villagers as Mr. So-and-So.

"Oh, good-day to yo'," responded Such; "come your ways in an' hang your hat on th' pentatukes." And forth-with he showed me to an uncushioned straight-backed pew.

The choir had already assembled to the right of the pulpit. Its ordinary force, Marget and her fiddle, and Ravenscroft and his flute, was "augmented for the occasion" by Jimmy Baker, the ballad singer. Presently the preacher, a layman from Wareham, ascended the pulpit, and after leisurely surveying the congregation said: "By gow, yo' good folk, aw dunna know how yo' find it, but it's nation hot up here, an' if yo' want ony comfort yo'd better follow my example." Whereupon he whipped off his coat and flung it over the pulpit rail. His advice was followed by nearly all the men present. Levi Such whispered to me that he would have done likewise, but that during the week Hannah had forgotten to wash his shirt.

Then came the first hymn, for which unfortunately there happened to be two well-known tunes. And it seems that when such a contingency arises there is always rivalry between fiddler and flautist as to who should give the start. On the present occasion they both happened to commence together, each with a different tune, whilst Jimmy Baker sang himself red in the face with nobody knows what. In the congregation old Tummus groaned horribly from some remote part of his anatomy, the mere matter of a tune was of slight moment to him. Nat Ravenscroft puffed

vigorously into his flute to make *his* tune go, and Marget fiddled vehemently to make *her* tune go, and accidentally catching Jimmy Baker in the ear with her bow, he was gained over to her melody. Just then the preacher shouted out: "Stop, stop! What the hangment are yo' doin'? Let's have one tune at a toime if yo' please."

At the same instant Ravenscroft, furious and discomfited at the preference shown for Marget's tune, gave her a rap on the head with his flute. Marget retaliated by prodding Nat under the chin with her fiddlestick, at which that worthy blurted out: "Oh! hoo's brast my windpipe, hoo has." Then the preacher again, loudly: "Now then, if this is th' way yo'r gooin' to carry on, yo'll get no sarmont from me." And he began to put on his coat.

After this, matters went more smoothly, though a bedlam of sounds in no wise disconcerts the Mereham Methodists. Like Tummus Broadside, they are mostly of Felix Holt's opinion, that it is a domineering thing to set one tune and expect everybody else to follow it, and, like him, they consider it a denial of private judgment. The old lady who sang "Bangor" to everything, irrespective of time or metre, would have suited Tummus admirably.

The praying of the Primitives is every whit as expressive as their singing, nor are collections of rarer occurrence among them than among other sects. And just as frequently "Special."

There is a story relating to the Chapel tribunal. John Groves, of the Blue Cap Farm, had been fined for adding water to his milk, and being a member of the Bethel, he was summoned before the august body of Prims, to explain himself.

"Weel," said John, in self exculpation, "it wur na my fault there wur too much thinness in th' milk, for aw've

warned th' cows mony a toime agen drinkin' too much water."

Grove's explanation carried with it considerable conviction, and after advising him to put a fence round his pond, the Synod let him off with a warning.

"And now," said Groves, "yo've gen me your warnin', Aw'll give yo' mine. Aw shall not give another brass farthin' to th' chapel funds till aw've gotten my fine back ayther out o' water or summat else." Thus threatened, the committee retired to reconsider its decision.

Groves goes by the pseudonym of "Gindy," a circumstance which went against him in the trial just cited. It is a name associated with water. John had delivered a sermon at the chapel some years before, based upon the striking of the rock by Moses and water gushing forth. "Yes," exclaimed John, becoming excited and mixing his terminations, "it was water that gushed forth, not rum, nor bran, nor gindy, but water." The recollection of this sermon had a damaging effect on John's case. For, as one of the wily Prims pointed out, did it not prove Grove's predilection for water? And if he imported this element into his sermons why not into his milk?

Gindy, however, withdrew the threat of suspending his contributions, for were not the Methodists among his best customers? And this generous act melted the hearts of the committee whose ban was in turn removed, and that union which is symbolical of strength (though the magistrate thought otherwise concerning Gindy's union of milk and water) was cordially effected between them.

Yet in spite of their narrow theology, these chapel-going men have a strong, rugged faith. They are, in the main, upright, industrious and capable of real heroism under privation and suffering. It is from this strain of men that our deteriorated city-populations receive their

saving infusion of robustness, and our colonies their backbone of persistency.

The inn is doubtless the real village forum. Here the affairs of Mereham are settled, and when this is done the concerns of the country at large are a mere detail and may be safely left to those living in what old Sammy calls the "Metrolopolis." There is a second forum, however, which has the village well for its centre, a sort of sanhedrim where genuine greybeards meet to comment upon things past and passing.

"What didsta think o' th' rector's sarmon o' Sunday, Rafe?" enquired Sammy one day.

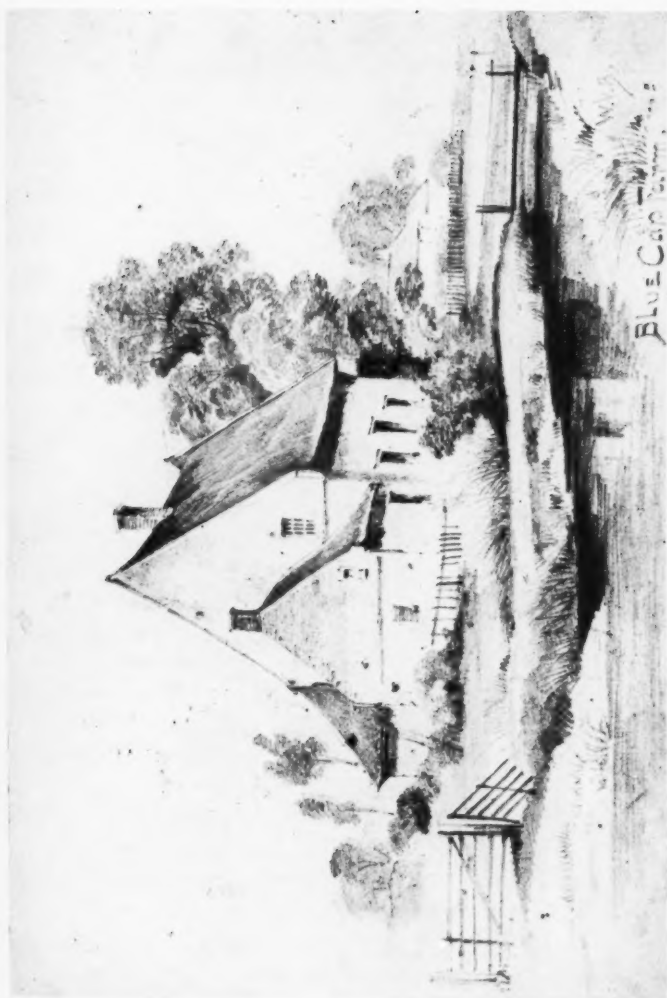
I like to hear their theological opinions, so pricking up my ears, as the people say, I prepared to listen.

"Oh, it wur good enoo in its way," said Rafe, "but aw dunna think it'll come about i' our day, Sammy. Aw'm afeart when th' poor are filled an' th' rich sent empty away, we shall be too far gone to have a share in it."

Sammy paused a moment, then slowly observed: "Naw, aw conna see as it'll ever come to pass, Rafe. Aw dunna want to discredit th' Bible, but it conceits me some o' them radicals have bin tamperin' wi' th' scriptures to make um fit wi' their own notions. Fancy flesh-mate and dumplings every day in th' year fur such as yo an' me, Rafe, and Lord Dalemur an' th' Squire hangin' round th' "Red Bull" as dry as parchment, while we wur inside fingering a bacca-box full o' sixpences. Nay, aw'd as lief believe th' Rector had turned Methody, but tha munna tell him so lest he stops my dole."

Then in silence the old men puffed away at their rough-cut, mild tobaccos, they say, "hav'na grip" enough.

Presently Rafe took up the thread of the subject by saying: "Aw dunna know how th' rector brought it in at th' finish, but when he started a talkin' about bein' filled



From a Pencil Drawing by W. V. Burgess.

BLUE CAP FARM.

wi' glory! aw knowed he wur ony praichin', so aw went off to sleep."

At this point Meg, Leggie Jack's wife, joined in: "It's one thing knowin' th' poor and another thing bein' poor. When aw wanted a bit o' help of th' rector he towed me aw mun be like mester Hercules and help mysel."

"Who's mester Hercules?" enquired Sammy.

"Some chap they say stronger than ar Jack," replied Meg, "but aw wunna believe it till aw've seen um wrestle."

Perhaps after the "Red Bull" the smithy is the most interesting place in Mereham for variety of incident and gossip. When one's eyes become accustomed to the grime and gloom, the titanic forms of Juddy Kenworthy, the smith, and Bill Tonkin, his striker, may be seen moving about the furnace or busy at the anvil. There is the occasional poof, poof of the bellows, a sudden flare of sparks, and then the ting tong, ting tong, ting ting tong of the hammers as they pound the horse-shoes into size and shape. At intervals the smiths straighten their backs and take a pull of—cold tea. Should anyone be present a moment's chat takes place. The smith, placing his hammer on the anvil and his chin on the handle of the hammer, repeats what old Jerry said as he passed at noon, or tells how that the Squire's piebald mare is badly spavined. If he is in a good humour he will also tell you that he has a "toothry" links to weld up for the miller's hoist chain, a few bars to beat out for one of Broadside's hurdles, a rim to fasten on Bostock's shandry wheel, a few domestic tinkering jobs, and—— But here he will probably be interrupted by the "Whoa, whoa; stand still, const na tha?" of some waggoner bringing a horse to be re-shod.

Sometimes a farmer will linger for a few minutes at the open door, sometimes the schoolmaster, and occasionally the rector. When this latter happens, it is, as a rule, to

admonish one of the loiterers for absence from church on the previous Sunday, or for some peccadillo intended or committed. Said he one day to the old road-mender: "How was it, Jerry, that I saw you stealing turnips out of the paddock yesterday?" "Aw dunna know," answered Jerry, "unless you happened to be lookin' o'er th' hedge."

Ah, those smithy chimes, they are among the earliest sounds I can recollect, and even yet are the first I listen for in the still dawn of summer mornings. Throwing open my lattice at the Manor Farm, I catch a whiff of honeysuckle, a snatch of thrush melody, and then there rings across the quiet meadow-land, the ting tong, ting tong, ting ting tong of the echoing anvils, and I know that Juddy and Bill are already at the forge. I cannot see the smithy from my window, but beyond it, on the green uplands, I see women gathering mushrooms, and further off still I see the blue reek rising from the coppice where the wood-cutters are at work, and it is good to live I think, and the earth is beautiful.

How those hammers clang, and on their echoes my memory is carried back to days which seem to belong to another life, and my gaze travels forward to yonder dim forest wherein formerly dwelt for me all the goblins, good and evil, I have since met in sober life.





GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

BY WILLIAM BAGSHAW.

IN English literature, at the present time, there is no more striking and brilliant writer than Mr. George Bernard Shaw. All he writes commands attention from those whose opinion is most worth having, and he is gradually becoming known to a wider public. Whether his work has the quality of permanency, time alone can show; but at any rate his utterances are very germane to the present, and throughout his writings there may be traced a set purpose in spite of the wayward and paradoxical style he adopts.

To those who wish to see a new and living literature arise in this country, which shall take cognisance of modern problems and show us where we are and whither we are going, which shall be informing and stimulating as well as entertaining, Mr. Shaw's writings—especially his plays—are a hopeful sign.

It has been said that nothing comes from the higher spheres of literary study dealing in a permanent and scholarly manner with the competitive spirit which influences every walk in life in this age for good or for evil. I venture to say that a distinct effort in that direction can be traced in Mr. Shaw's work. His main object, it seems to me, is to rouse in this generation a collective conscience and a collective sociability, and to

set forth the economical inter-dependence of our complex modern society. While doing this he attacks impetuously many abuses, and as he terms it tears off many masks, giving no quarter to his opponents, but thrusting mercilessly at them with his chief weapon—a wit of rapier-like keenness.

This is an age of many voices and he who would be heard must not suffer from too much modesty. "Leave the delicacies of retirement to those who are gentlemen first and literary workmen afterwards. The cart and the trumpet for me," is Mr. Shaw's motto, and he proceeds to blow his trumpet in some of the most amusing prefaces ever author penned, quite unnecessarily turning many a paradoxical somersault and appearing most happy when most puzzling. But though Mr. Shaw is always talking about himself in his prefaces, he manages to tell us very little on that topic. There is, however, a great deal on other subjects such as criticism, history and philosophy, each treated in a light, brief, almost inconsequent manner.

I am not one who likes the modern craze for trivial information about the personalities of living authors, rather I hold with the great German who said that "those who, instead of studying the thoughts of a philosopher make themselves acquainted with his life and history, are like people who, instead of occupying themselves with a picture, are occupied with its frame, reflecting on the taste of its carving and the nature of its gilding." I purpose, therefore, to give only a few facts of Mr. Shaw's life culled from the terse pages of "Who's Who."

Mr. Shaw was born in Dublin on 26th July, 1856. He went to London in 1876, and worked as critic of the fine arts on various journals. With this work he combined the rôle of socialist agitator. He is a vegetarian and total abstainer; and his recreations are change of work, nature,

art, human intercourse, photography, anything except sport.

There are two things to which I wish to call attention in this account—he is an Irishman and a vegetarian. Now the wit of his countrymen is proverbial and Mr. Shaw has more than his share. But when we consider that he is also a vegetarian, I think we are on the road to find the reason both for its quantity and quality. In Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" the good knight Sir Andrew Aguecheek makes this pregnant remark:—"Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has, but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit." To which Sir Toby Belch replies: "No question." "An' I thought that, I'd forswear it," adds Sir Andrew. Possibly Mr. Shaw, who is an earnest student of Shakespeare, may have read those lines and, taking the opinion of so great an authority to heart, determined to abstain from beef in order to cultivate his wit. This suggestion opens a tempting vista of enquiry as to the effect of diet on literature which seems worthy of consideration. To this combination of Celt and vegetarian may be attributed that suppleness which almost amounts to want of backbone, displayed by Mr. Shaw in controversy.

When Mr. Shaw first went to London he was mixed up in the Labour movements of the eighties. In that time of bad trade there was much discontent among the working-classes; meetings and processions were frequent, and Mr. Shaw took an active part in the proceedings. Many thought the Labour millenium was at hand, but they were wrong, its time was not yet. However, there was a great stir, and as a socialist of the Fabian type, Mr. Shaw joined in that society's policy of permeation by pamphlets and lectures.

In creative literature his first attempt was at novel writing, but being unable to find a publisher, he turned to criticism for a livelihood. "Democracy," he says, "has now handed the sceptre to the sovereign people; but they too must have their confessor whom they call critic." He did varied work as critic; seven years were devoted to music, then four or five to pictures, and lastly, nearly three years to the drama. The hard floors of the picture galleries only wore out his boots; but the inanities of the theatre nearly killed him. "Too weak to work," he says, "I wrote books and plays."

His plays, which are his most important work, consist of three volumes. The first two, published in 1898, are entitled "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant." The third and last appeared in 1900, and is named "Three Plays for Puritans." The titles are alliterative and the last smacks of paradox. He opens each volume with long prefaces partly devoted to trenchant criticisms of the modern drama. He is of opinion that the modern theatre is trying to rival the music-hall by frankly pornographic displays and silly musical comedies. These attractions can be better served-up by the halls, where the audience can drop in at any time and smoke during the performance. Therefore, the attempt to make the theatre a mere temple of pleasure is bound to fail; pleasure-seekers will go to the halls. The logical conclusion of conducting theatres on these lines is to make them places for the practice of dissoluteness instead of drama. We must therefore try other ways to make the theatre popular, even if it means attracting the people with sterner stuff. "Once enthrall your playgoer even with horror, annihilate his selfishness instead of ministering to his self-gratification, and there is some chance of keeping him." This sounds an heroic remedy, for he admits the incapacity of thousands of playgoers for

serious drama, and that many managers are entirely dependent on them.

Dramatic authors are inferior because they write to suit the theatrical public. They ought to produce works from their own inner necessity. "For my part," Mr. Shaw says, "I can no more write what the public want than Joachim can put aside his fiddle and oblige a happy company of beanfeasters "with a marching tune on the German concertina. They must keep away from my plays, that is all."

As might be expected from a Socialist, Mr. Shaw advocates a National Theatre which shall be to the drama what the National Gallery and the British Museum are to painting and literature, for he urges: "the theatre is growing in importance as a social organ. Bad theatres are as mischievous as bad schools or bad churches; modern civilization is rapidly multiplying the class to which the theatre is both school and church."

It was owing to difficulties with the censor over one of his plays that Mr. Shaw determined to publish them in book form and so reach the public; and in order to give the reader some idea of the scenery and acting he prefixes to each act minute descriptions of the scene, and also makes a few remarks on the appearance and character of each individual as he or she enters. He claims that this is a new departure. It certainly adds very much to the interest of the play. Mr. Shaw wishes it had been done before by other writers. He asks:—

"What would we not give for the copy of 'Hamlet' used by Shakespeare at rehearsal, with the original 'business' scrawled by the prompter's pencil?" And if we had, in addition, the descriptive directions which the author gave on the stage; above all, the character sketches, however brief, by which he tried to convey to the actor the sort of person

he meant him to incarnate, what a light they would shed, not only on the play, but on the history of the sixteenth century.

The first volume of "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant" contains three plays:—"Widower's Houses," "The Philanderer," and "Mrs. Warren's Profession." They are all unpleasant. "Widower's Houses" was begun in 1885. It was laid aside till 1892, when, to oblige the Independent Theatre, Mr. Shaw finished it, and it was produced at the Royalty, London. In the author's own words, "it was not a success, but it provoked an uproar," and that, I think, is one of the first steps to popular success nowadays. The play was written to show to the ignorant, respectable, middle-classes and to the aristocracy, the fact that many of them were living on the rents wrung from the poorest of the poor. The evils of the London slums are described in the dialogue, though not shown on the stage, and the object of the play is unswervingly followed.

In the first act a young doctor and his friend make the acquaintance of a gentleman and his daughter at an hotel in Germany. An engagement is the result, which is to be confirmed on the return to England. In the second act the young man discovers that the dowry of his fiancée will come from her father's rack-rented property. Being of independent means and connected with the aristocracy, he feels he cannot consent to take money from such a tainted source. He is, however, considerably taken aback when he learns from the father that his own income is derived from a mortgage on the same property. The match is broken off for a time.

In the third act the County Council are intending to run a street through the slums. Landlord and mortgagée come to an agreement to improve the appearance of the

property with a view to compensation, and a reconciliation takes place between the young couple. This brief outline can convey no idea of the sordidness of the whole affair. There is no touch of poetry or art. It is intensely modern and realistic, and the dialogue is of the most common-place every-day character. There is very little of the sparkle one usually finds in Mr. Shaw's work. Now and then the humour peeps out, as when one of the characters exclaims about the marriage: "Why not have a bit of romance in business, when it costs nothing? We all have our feelin's; we ain't all calculatin' machines." And again the same man complains of a clergyman who had given unfavourable evidence before the Royal Commission on "Working-class Dwellings," regarding some dangerous, rickety stairs.

"Them stairs that you and me quarelled about, they was a whole arternoon examin'in' the clergyman that made such a fuss about the woman that was 'urt on it. He made the worst of it, in an ungentlemanly, unchristian spirit. I wouldn't have that clergyman's disposition for worlds."

On the whole the impression left by the play is unpleasant, as its author intends. He is so serious in his endeavour to expose what he considers an evil that he seems to forget to lighten the play with his accustomed wit. We must remember that it was begun seventeen years ago, when public knowledge was not so great on social questions as it is to-day.

"The Philanderer" was written in 1893, when discussions on Ibsen and the New Woman were in vogue. The author thus describes his object:—

It is to show the grotesque sexual compacts made between men and women under marriage laws which represent to some of us a political necessity (especially for other people) to some a divine ordinance, to some a romantic ideal, to

B

some a domestic profession for women, and to some that worst of blundering abominations, an institution which society has outgrown, but not modified, and which "advanced" individuals are therefore forced to evade.

He also claims that the intellectually and artistically conscious classes in modern society will find the play "typical." The play, in spite of its wit and cleverness, is far from satisfactory. There is nothing to be learnt from it as to the views Mr. Shaw holds on the marriage question. One of the characters does, indeed, state views on vivisection more amusing than convincing, and it may be that the author introduces vivisection into a play dealing avowedly with the marriage question, as a hint that he thinks both are slow torture.

With regard to the characters, they are a queer lot, and may be described as people I have never met and don't want to meet. They are all coloured by Mr. Shaw's peculiar temperamental delight in topsy-turveydom. Their situations and remarks are, many of them, quite impossible for sane people. But as puppets for uttering Mr. Shaw's gibes alike at advanced and conventional people, they serve excellently.

I come now to "Mrs. Warren's Profession," the third of the unpleasant plays. Mr. Shaw is still in his serious vein. He has a serious subject and he treats it with a clearness, directness and force that holds the reader enchained to the end. The play has never been performed in a theatre owing to the censor; and indeed the wisdom of placing such strong meat before the general public is open to question. There are one or two passages which, taken apart from the context, are liable to misinterpretation, and they have been misinterpreted, either from malice or crass ignorance by critics who ought to know better.

Mrs. Warren's profession is that of Margaret Gautier. She is a woman of the people, who has risen (if one may so term it) to be manageress of what are euphemistically called "private hotels" in Brussels and other continental cities. She has a daughter who is brought up in England ignorant of her mother's profession, and to make the contrast greater the girl finishes her education at Newnham. The meeting of mother and daughter after years of separation, and the explanations which take place, furnish scenes of poignant interest. The college girl is cool and cultivated; the mother scarcely conceals the brazen vulgarity of her class. When stung by her daughter's questions she throws off all restraint, and in homely language makes her defence, which amounts at the same time to a tremendous indictment of modern society. Painful as the play is, in construction and dialogue it is perfect. The action is easy, the plot unfolds gradually and naturally, while over all there hangs that feeling of inevitable suffering as the consequence of evil, which raises the play almost to the dignity of tragedy.

The second volume contains the four pleasant plays. These the author tells us "deal less with the crimes of society, and more with its romantic follies and with the struggles of individuals against those follies." The first play, "Arms and the Man," a title taken from the opening line of Dryden's *Æneid*, is a witty and amusing contrast between the romantic soldier as idealized in fiction, and the real soldier as he prosaically struggles in actual warfare, with all his imperfections on his head. The play was performed in Manchester some years ago, and I shall never forget the puzzled silence with which the audience received it.

Mr. Shaw proclaims himself a realist. Against romance he wages uncompromising war with all his might. "The

lot of the man who sees life truly and thinks about it romantically, is Despair," he exclaims, and he gives despair a capital D to emphasize his remark. Mr. Shaw's realistic soldiers require food and rest, and are apt to lose nerve and run away. One even has a liking for chocolate, which calls forth the scorn of a romantic young lady who seems to think he can live on blood and smoke. The piece was written some years ago, but it must be admitted that the late war has proved the correctness of Mr. Shaw's views of a soldier's life.

The first production of the play in London was a great success, and at the fall of the curtain the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. There were clamorous calls for the author, to which Mr. Shaw was at length induced to respond. The audience were still cheering, but there was one dissentient in the gallery, who was "booing" with the full power of a pair of very strong lungs. Mr. Shaw looked up at "this glorious minority of one," and said very seriously: "Yes, sir, I quite agree with you; but what can we two do against a whole houseful?"

I come now to a difficult and somewhat obscure play entitled "*Candida, a Mystery*." There are passages in it which go very deep and suggest "thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls." It has no plot in the accepted use of the word. Its interest consists, mainly, in the antagonism between different modes of thought and the conflict of ideas. The dialogue is packed with subtle, thought-provoking sentences, and is, in the highest sense, food for the mind. The chief characters are a Christian Socialist clergyman, his wife, and a young poet. Mr. Shaw gives the following minute and penetrating description of the first named:—

The Reverend James Mavor Morell is a Christian Socialist clergyman of the Church of England, and an active member

of the Guild of St. Matthew and the Christian Social Union. A vigorous, genial, popular man of forty, robust and good-looking, full of energy, with pleasant, hearty, considerate manners, and a sound unaffected voice, which he uses with the clean, athletic articulation of a practised orator, and with a wide range and perfect command of expression. He is a first-rate clergyman, able to say what he likes, to whom he likes, to lecture people without setting himself up against them, to impose his authority on them without humiliating them, and, on occasion, to interfere in their business without impertinence. His well-spring of enthusiasm and sympathetic emotion has never run dry for a moment; he still eats and sleeps heartily enough to win the daily battle between exhaustion and recuperation triumphantly. Withal, a great baby, pardonably vain of his powers and unconsciously pleased with himself. He has a healthy complexion, a good forehead, with brows somewhat blunt, and the eyes bright and eager; a mouth resolute, but not particularly well cut, and a substantial nose, with the mobile spreading nostrils of the orator, void, like all his features, of subtlety.

The young, outcast poet, Marchbanks, is in appearance and circumstances, evidently drawn from Shelley. As the play develops the Reverend gentleman finds himself engaged in rivalry with the poet for the affection of his wife. This is a considerable shock to one who is a bit of a wind-bag and the admired of enthusiastic parishioners, especially the fairer portion. He is naturally disposed to stand on his dignity, position and moral qualities. These he thinks must win any woman. The poet has nothing but his weakness and need of affection to offer, and the wife considers them a good bid for her love. In the last scene the clergyman, broken down under a sort of cross-examination by his wife, is shown as the weaker of the two men, and she elects to stay with him; he needs her most.

The scene, to say the least of it, is unusual in the house of a beneficed clergyman. Mr. Shaw seems to delight in drawing these gentlemen, and in placing them in situations which are trying to conventional ideas. There are several subsidiary characters which enable us to enjoy some amusing scenes. The curate who admires and apes his vicar, the lady typist who secretly adores him, and most amusing of all, Candida's father, a self-made man, described as:—

Made coarse and sordid by the compulsory selfishness of petty commerce, and later on softened into sluggish bumptiousness by overfeeding and commercial success. A vulgar, ignorant, guzzling man, offensive and contemptuous to people whose labour is cheap, respectful to wealth and rank, and quite sincere and without rancour or envy in both attitudes.

The play is marred by a certain looseness of idea regarding the binding obligation of the marriage contract. On this point Mr. Shaw is anything but a safe guide; and indeed on the subject of love between man and woman his views sink when they ought to rise. He speaks of Love as "the most capricious, most transient, and most easily baffled of all *instincts*"; and as a realist he seems to think that the halo of romance with which it has been surrounded in literature and poetry is so much sentimental illusion. Most of his characters when about to fall in love, behave in a ridiculous fashion; they cease to be rational, there is no will power. In the elegant language of one, "Nature has them by the scruff of the neck and is making them do things." They approach each other as if hypnotised, and are only recalled to sanity by some sudden shock, as, for instance, the sound of the ship's gun in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion."

Unfortunately for Mr. Shaw's theories a good many facts point the other way. There are many love affairs in life and literature where the will-power and the reason have been dominant. Mr. Shaw's attempt to reduce Love to the level of mere animal attraction is founded on a false conception of human nature. He is so anxious to be a realist and to banish, what he considers, the falseness of romance, that he sinks to the level of a materialist. Love is to him an instinct, "when we want to read of the deeds that are done for love," he says, "whither do we turn? To the murder column of our daily paper; and there we are rarely disappointed." With what relief one turns to Tennyson.

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands;

Every moment lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords
with might,

Smote the chord of Self, that trembling pass'd in music out
of sight.

The trifle entitled "The Man of Destiny," is a short piece dealing with a supposed incident in the life of Napoleon. It contains some of Mr. Shaw's best descriptive writing, including a character of Napoleon which will bear comparison with Thackeray's Marlborough.

This little play has an improbable plot and is chiefly interesting for the character of Napoleon. There is in it a vein of cynicism, though Mr. Shaw would probably deny this. For instance, the lady says:

"Havn't you noticed that people always exaggerate the value of the things they havn't got? The poor think they need nothing but riches to be quite happy and good. Everybody worships truth, purity, unselfishness for the same reason—because they have no experience of them."

Mr. Shaw is not above borrowing an idea from Shakespeare, who often puts remarks on Englishmen into the mouths of his foreign characters. Napoleon sums us up thus:—

The English are a race apart. No Englishman is too low to have scruples; no Englishman is high enough to be free from their tyranny. But every Englishman is born with a certain miraculous power that makes him master of the world. When he wants a thing he never tells himself that he wants it. He waits patiently until there comes into his mind, no one knows how, a burning conviction that it is his moral and religious duty to conquer those who have got the thing he wants. Then he becomes irresistible. He is never at a loss for an effective moral attitude. As the great champion of freedom and national independence he conquers and annexes half the world, and calls it colonization. When he wants a new market for his adulterated Manchester goods he sends a missionary to teach the natives the Gospel of Peace. The natives kill the missionary; he flies to arms in defence of Christianity; fights for it; conquers for it; and takes the market as a reward from heaven. He boasts that a slave is free the moment his foot touches British soil; and he sells the children of his poor to work under the lash of his factories for sixteen hours a day. He does everything on principle. He fights you on patriotic principles; he bullies you on manly principles; he supports his king on loyal principles, and cuts off his head on republican principles. His watchword is always Duty; and he never forgets that the nation which lets its duty get on the opposite side of its interest is lost.

I think we may give Mr. Shaw the credit for these opinions and not Napoleon. This play throws a light on the author's curious liking and sympathy with great men of the Napoleonic type: a liking which seems inconsistent in a professed Socialist and Democrat. But Napoleon, as

depicted in the play, is partly the overman of Nietzsche and partly Arnold's weary Titan spurred by a restless demon within, to labour for the good of humanity in ways beyond their understanding.

The volume closes with an amusing farce entitled "You Never Can Tell." Two years later the "Three Plays for Puritans" were published. In them Mr. Shaw has made a distinct advance. His descriptions and notes are more detailed and elaborate, and his subjects are more pleasing if not more interesting. He explains in his preface why his plays are for Puritans, who are not usually connected with the drama, except as its opponents. This explanation has the unexpectedness of most of his reasons. The Puritans are to rescue the theatre from the foolish pursuit of pleasure into which it has sunk, and make of it a place of edification. Whether the Puritans are to find their edification in Mr. Shaw's plays is not stated; but it may be safely said the modern representatives of Puritanism are not likely to do so. The first play has a title calculated to make any Puritan doubt its edifying character. It is the "Devil's Disciple," and it is largely devoted to showing the effects of a narrow and corrupt form of Puritanism on those who practice it, and on those who detest it. Mr. Shaw has cleverly used the popular form of melodrama, with all its exciting incidents of arrests, trials and escapes, as his framework. Needless to say the characters and dialogue are very different from those of the ordinary melodrama. The scene is laid in America, during the War of Independence. Mr. Shaw's scorn for the conventional ideas of patriotism and morality are illustrated in his introduction to the play. As a logician and humanitarian war is to him an absurdity; while the thrusts he makes at the clergy, show how illogical he considers their attitude.

There is also at the end of the play a short sketch of General Burgoyne, who commanded the English army at the surrender of Saratoga. The general is one of the characters in the play, and he provoked the criticism that he was only Mr. Shaw masquerading in a general's uniform. In reply to the critics Mr. Shaw said:—

The modern conception of a British general is half-idealized prize-fighter, half-idealized music-hall chairman. I had taken some pains to ascertain what manner of person the real Burgoyne was, and had found him a wit, a rhetorician, and a successful dramatic author. Also, of course, an eighteenth century gentleman independent of a public of grown-up schoolboys.

All the incidents in the "Devil's Disciple" are of the usual melo-dramatic character; but there are none of the conventional causes. Quite a different set is contrived. Dick Dudgeon, the Devil's Disciple, is the hero. Disgusted by the harshness of his puritanical mother he leaves home and leads a dissolute life. Scamp as he is, he risks his life to save that of the Presbyterian minister. Taking the minister's place he allows himself to be arrested by the English soldiers. He is tried and condemned to death. In the nick of time the reverend gentleman arrives at the head of the American rebels and rescues Dudgeon. The pith of the play is that Dudgeon did this, not from any motive, but simply as the result of his own nature. He had the saving grace of the Puritan. The minister's pretty wife, unable to think of any other motive, imagines he did it for her sake; and she is ready to fall in love with him. But Dick tells her plainly he did not, and that he does not know himself why he tried to save her husband.

Imagine Mr. Shaw's ire when the critics decided that his hero's real motive *was* love for the minister's wife. To

make out that one of his characters would do a good action for love was simply dragging the play down to the ordinary romantic level. In defence of his hero he urged:—

On the stage, it appears, people do things for reasons. Off the stage they don't; that is why your penny-in-the-slot heroes, who only work when you drop a motive into them, are so oppressively automatic and uninteresting.

The humanitarian in Mr. Shaw rides rampant through the play. He has a fling at the marksmanship of the British Army, at the War Office, and at the parsons, and all his powers of irony are used to show his detestation of hypocrisy and violence.

The next play, "*Cæsar and Cleopatra*," is, I think, the most astonishing work written in recent years by a native dramatist. It is the high-water mark of Mr. Shaw's achievement; and it displays his gifts of wit, humour and historical insight, at their very best.

The descriptive opening to the first act exhibits the peculiar qualities of Mr. Shaw's style. It has his sudden changes from fine, almost poetical description, to sharp satire; his unexpected contrasts between past and present; his jumbling together of ancient and modern in a delightful mixture; all done in the manner of a prose Calverley.

An October night on the Syrian border of Egypt, towards the end of the XXXIII. Dynasty, in the year 706 by Roman computation, afterwards reckoned by Christian computation as 48 B.C. A great radiance of silver fire, the dawn of a moonlit night, is rising in the east. The stars and the cloudless sky are our own contemporaries, nineteen and a half centuries younger than we know them; but you would not guess that from their appearance. Below them are two notable drawbacks of civilization—a palace and soldiers. The palace, an old, low, Syrian building of whitened mud,

is not so ugly as Buckingham Palace; and the officers in the courtyard are more highly civilized than modern English officers; for example, they do not dig up the corpses of their enemies, as we dug up Cromwell and the Mahdi. They are in two groups—one intent on the gambling of their captain Belzanor, a warrior of fifty, who, with his spear on the ground beside his knee, is stooping to throw dice with a sly-looking young Persian recruit; the other gathered about a guardsman, who had just finished telling a naughty story (still current in English barracks), at which they are laughing uproariously. They are about a dozen in number, all highly aristocratic young Egyptian guardsmen, handsomely equipped with weapons and armour, very un-English in point of not being ashamed of and uncomfortable in their professional dress; on the contrary, rather ostentatiously and arrogantly warlike, as valuing themselves on their military caste.

The character of Cæsar as delineated by Mr. Shaw gives further proof of his sympathy with the strong, resourceful, unscrupulous type of man: a sympathy shown in the play dealing with Napoleon. There are many points of likeness in the two creations, and both are invigorated with a strong infusion of Shaw. Cæsar is represented as a man of fifty. He has a touch of the superhuman in his character. He stands alone; none can do his deeds or think his thoughts. He is, however, not above playing to the gallery, and alternately delights his faithful soldiers by his deeds and puzzles them by his speeches. At one time he is the man of action lamenting his drudgery and wishing he were a good talker with wit and imagination enough to live without continually doing something. At another he is the author who thinks it is better that men should live their lives than dream them away in books. He practises petty deceptions to gull people. He kills or cajoles whichever may be the most suitable method to gain his ends; and yet

he professes to be above the ordinary feelings of revenge; and lastly he never despairs because he never hopes.

Mr. Shaw's explanation of Cæsar's character is so curious as to be worth quotation:—

Cæsar is virtuous because he is not good. Goodness, in its popular British sense of self-denial, implies that man is vicious by nature, and that supreme goodness is supreme martyrdom, a pious opinion I by no means share.

In contrast to Cæsar, we have Cleopatra as a kittenish girl of sixteen, a trifle modern in her speech, but otherwise a perfectly credible creation. Her meeting with Cæsar is the finest scene in the play.

Mr. Shaw has also thrust into the play a character to which a description here can hardly do justice. It is the character of an ancient Briton, secretary to Julius Cæsar, but in ideas and speech the man is really a satire on the modern conventional Englishman. His insulated ideas of propriety and respectability are deliciously incongruous in the setting of the play. But undoubtedly the chief character of the play (indeed the most thorough and elaborate psychological study in the whole of his plays) is Julius Cæsar, whom Mr. Shaw offers to us as an improvement on Shakespeare's. "Shakespeare," he tells us, "who knew human weakness so well, never knew human strength of the Cæsarian type. His Cæsar is an admitted failure; his Lear is a masterpiece," and he leaves us to draw the obvious inference that the strength Shakespeare never knew is known to Mr. Shaw.

On this subject of Shakespeare Mr. Shaw has aroused much controversy, and not a little misunderstanding. No doubt his airy way of stating his views has much to do with the wrong impressions which have got abroad. Much also is due to the press. Reviews and reports, often cur-

tailed, do writers injustice. The idea has been spread that Mr. Shaw considers himself better than Shakespeare. Now the first thing to be noticed is that he approaches Shakespeare as a critic and not as a worshipper. Indeed, one cannot imagine him as a worshipper of anything! His attitude towards our greatest poet may thus be briefly summarised. Shakespeare has always had critics from Ben Jonson to Mr. Frank Harris, including Dr. Johnson and Napoleon, and we might add Matthew Arnold. But strange to say the worst sinners against Shakespeare have always been his greatest admirers; and Mr. Shaw instances the mutilated versions of the plays given by Mr. Augustin Daly and Sir Henry Irving. With the revival of genuine criticism has coincided the movement for genuine representations such as those given by Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mr. Benson. And here I will give his own words:—

It does not follow, however, that the right to criticize Shakespeare involves the power of writing better plays, and in fact—do not be surprised at my modesty—I do not profess to write better plays. The writing of practicable stage plays does not present an infinite scope to human talent; and the dramatists who magnify its difficulties are humbugs. The summit of their art has been attained over and over again. No man will ever write a better tragedy than “Lear,” a better comedy than “Le Festin de Pierre” or “Peer Gynt,” a better opera than “Don Giovanni,” or a better music drama than the “Niblung’s Ring.”

In another place he describes Shakespeare as “unsurpassed as poet, storyteller, character draughtsman, humorist and rhetorician”; and he complains that “Shakespeare is often played with his brains cut out.”

When Sir Henry Irving said he had lost a princely sum by Shakespeare, Mr. Shaw replied:—

The princely sum was spent, not on his dramatic poetry, but on a gorgeous stage ritualism superimposed on reckless mutilations of the text, the whole being addressed to a public as to which nothing is certain except that its natural bias is toward reverence for Shakespeare and dislike and distrust of ritualism.

In fact his writings on the subject show him to be a discriminating admirer of Shakespeare, and when the practisers of what he calls Bardolatry take the trouble to read him, they will find he gives more praise than blame to their idol.

It was Heine who said the approval of a Kant was more acceptable to Deity than the praise of a churchful of ignorant worshippers. Who shall say that Shakespeare is not now enjoying the discriminating eulogies of Mr. Shaw more than the applause given by an audience to Colly Cibber's version of "Richard the Third," or the enthusiastic thoroughness of the amateur actor who blacked himself "all over" when playing "Othello."

"Captain Brassbound's Conversion" is the last play with which I have to deal. As a play this is the least successful Mr. Shaw has written. It is, however, interesting for the glimpses we get of his opinions on morality, religion, and especially law. The scene is laid in the picturesque but lawless country of Morocco. Religion is represented by an inoffensive but entirely useless Scotch missionary; law by an English judge on tour; romantic revenge masquerading as justice is represented by Captain Brassbound; and Mr. Shaw's ideas on the three, are voiced by Lady Cicely Waynfleet. The views on law given in his prefaces and notes, and also expressed by the characters of this play, show how far, in the author's opinion, law falls short of abstract justice. It is merely a social scaffolding. Society, in the name of law commits the very crimes it is

supposed to punish; it murders the murderer and robs the thief. In its philosophy there is neither guilt nor innocence; human nature must be judged by the standard and on the lines of natural history, and not by conventional ethics and romantic logic. Lady Cicely thus describes her brother the judge:—

Of course, he does dreadful things as a judge; but then if you take a man and pay him £5,000 a year to be wicked, and praise him for it, and have policemen and courts and laws and juries to drive him into it so that he can't help doing it, what can you expect?

And again she says: "You always think, Howard, that nothing prevents people killing each other but the fear of your hanging them for it." On the incentives of religion she also makes a remark to the missionary who has told her that the natives are dangerous, for every man of them believes he will go to heaven if he kills an unbeliever. Her reply is: "Bless you, dear Mr. Rankin, the people in England believe that they will go to heaven if they give all their property to the poor. But they don't do it."

These amusing half-truths are specimens of Mr. Shaw's method of flouting us. But his denials of the efficiency and justice of our laws; his inability to see the difference between the execution of a criminal and the crime for which that criminal is condemned; his disbelief in guilt and innocence, all prove the materialistic basis of his philosophy. They seem to me to lead in the end to the denial of moral responsibility to human beings.

So far the plays. I have dwelt on them at length because they are his chief literary achievement, and from them and their prefaces we can gain the best idea of the man and his opinions. Looking at them as a whole certain features are especially marked. They are all written with

a view to inculcate Mr. Shaw's ideas on modern social questions, and they contain much that is new and stimulating. They are better as literature than as acting plays; for they are so packed with ideas and wit that one requires leisure to enjoy them thoroughly. The graphic descriptions given with each play enable us to picture the scenes, and we scarcely miss the theatre. Still they are eminently suitable plays for acting, and will doubtless eventually win a place in public favour.

As works of art, they are spoiled by the continual intrusion of Mr. Shaw's personality, and for that reason they cannot be called great dramas. Those of his characters that he himself evidently admires most, are a trifle bloodless; they move too logically, they are not emotional enough, though all are witty. But men and women are not governed by reason and humour alone: passion plays a large part. Logic and laughter do not yet rule the world. If Mr. Shaw's ideas prevailed the world might be a safer place to live in, but it would not be nearly so interesting.

I cannot forbear mentioning a subject lightly touched by Mr. Shaw in one of his prefaces. It is the English home. Most Englishmen speak with pride of home; yet our author has nothing but unmitigated condemnation for it. According to him, the home is the cause of our bad manners and aloofness; in it we get neither the pleasures of society nor solitude. The remedy for the narrowing influences of home life is to visit the theatre and public places of amusement oftener; we must have more collective sociability.

In his youth Mr. Shaw wrote four novels. The titles are:—"The Irrational Knot," "Love Among the Artists," "Cashel Byron's Profession," and an "Unsocial Socialist." "Cashel Byron's Profession" was republished recently, the other three are now out of print. Cashel Byron's

profession is prize-fighting, and the book contains an account of a boxing-match that would make the fortune of any sporting paper. It grips and thrills. The prize-fighter is finally married to an enlightened and emancipated lady; and strange to say the match is not found to be unsuitable. At the end of the book there is a dramatic version of the novel written in blank verse, because as the author characteristically tells us, he had not time to write it in prose. The spectacle of prize-fighters, trainers and sporting-men talking blank verse is irresistibly funny.

Two philosophic essays, "The Quintessence of Ibsenism" and the "Perfect Wagnerite" are a proof of Mr. Shaw's versatility. The first is a detailed examination of Ibsen's plays, with explanations of their philosophy, and the latter is an interesting account of Wagner's chief work, "The Ring of the Niblungs." The book describes not only the plot of the operas, but their inner significance. According to Mr. Shaw the work is a parable of the condition of society to-day. Wagner is putting before us the old-time struggle between love and wealth as waged under modern conditions.

Mr. Shaw, I think, proves his case by his account of Wagner's life as a revolutionist. Throughout the book there is evidence of a thorough musical knowledge. He discourses on Wagner's music and on the music of the past and the future in a direct and assertive fashion; but to do him justice he generally backs up his assertions by arguments. He is always informing, and has, like Ruskin, a manner of throwing out enlightening asides in the course of an argument. This book is in some respects a compendium of Mr. Shaw's philosophical and socialistic ideas. The varied nature of Mr. Shaw's activities makes it impossible to treat each exhaustively, and his character presents so many glittering facets to the view that it is

difficult to put a presentment into words. He has in his time played many parts—journalist, novelist, dramatist, musical critic, socialist agitator, philosopher and borough councillor. Happily he is still with us, and it would not be surprising if he were to assume other rôles. He is only part of the way on his progress, and it is too soon to speak of what he has actually achieved; we cannot yet see what will be the result of his conceptions of the world and society.

But though it is too soon to pass judgment, it is permissible to give impressions of the man derived from the perusal of his works. First and foremost he is a humorist, but a humorist who has serious moments and not a serious man who is occasionally humorous. He is, moreover, as much a slave to this ebullient humour as some men are to their temper. He cannot control it, and its constant intrusion mars the artistic effect of his work, though it adds to our gaiety. He has said that the lot of the man who sees life truly and thinks about it romantically is Despair; but it might also be said that the lot of the man who sees life truly and thinks about it humorously is stultification. People are apt to refuse to take him seriously. His courage is undoubted, he freely expresses the most unpopular opinions, and he takes no pains to conceal his attitude towards the multitude. Quite frankly he claims the position of superior person, and he goes out of his way to gibe at the average man. His impatience of stupidity and his mocking spirit militate against the real sympathy he feels for the masses.

He has been called by one of his fellow-socialists, in the amenities of debate, "the Thersites of the socialist movement"; but I would rather dub him the socialist Mercutio. Throughout his work he is never the mere stylist. Life is to him more than art, and he early determined not to let

himself become a literary man, but to make the pen his instrument and not his idol.

Finally, remembering his vegetarian proclivities, he is an intellectual salad, or if I may be allowed to trespass on his own peculiar domain of paradox, he is a pathetic comedian trying to be serious, a vegetarian who delights in literary strong meat, a humanitarian who never spares his opponents, and a socialist whose most marked feature is individuality.





THE HEART OF LAKELAND: MEMORIES AND ANTICIPATIONS.

BY L. J. OPPENHEIMER.

PART I.

"NORTHWARDS." The mere thought of the word has a magical, invigorating power, even in the drowsy hours before dawn, when fellow-passengers are coiled in vain attempts at comfortable slumber. The feeling must be largely inspired by personal causes, for it can hardly come entirely from the nature of the northern country I love. I am not so blindly in love with it as to think that. Action, health-giving struggles with the elements and most of life's happiest moments are associated with it in my mind; business, study, enervating enjoyments with the South, and I can never enter a train northward-bound without thoughts clustering instinctively round Lakeland.

Wigan is passed with a sigh of relief, and I laugh to think how ideas change. In childhood, when my mother each summer took us to her Scotch home, Wigan was an enchanted town whose rows of signal lights and furnace flames licking up into the darkness were visions not to be missed. "Years have brought the inevitable yoke," and the place is no longer "apparelled in celestial light," but, with all their delusions I look fondly back on those early journeys, for it was then that I learnt that love of the

mountains which time has but confirmed, and which has become one of the most precious gifts of life.

How well I can see myself, as a child of six or seven, looking out with wide eyes for the Cheviots from the seat by the window. Very cautiously I clear the moisture from the glass at intervals, for my mother, though tired out and dozing, with one of my brothers asleep in her arms, is easily disturbed, and the least noise will make her sit up with a start and tell me to lie back and shut my eyes; so I gaze out in silence past the distracting fall and rise of the telegraph wires at the sleepy white villages strung along the highroad, and the trees ankle-deep in mist flying by. For hours the same fields would seem to keep up with us, passed and yet ever recurring; then the first hints of light would appear over some low hills far away, and alternately I would be excited at the thought that we should soon be winding through the Cheviots, and weary at the slow march of the dawn and the endless, monotonous succession of trees and villages and telegraph poles, all as tiresome to me then as the unvarying rhythm of the rails beneath.

At length came Grayrigg Fells, or the Cheviots, as I thought them, for the mountains of England consisted in those days of three groups: the Pennines, often pointed out to me in the distance and despised; Sca Fell, Helvellyn and Skiddaw, three great isolated cones rising from a lake-dotted plain, watched for yearly but never knowingly seen; and the Cheviots, a range which neatly divided England from Scotland, and which consequently, I was bound to pass; the name I therefore attached to the most impressive hills seen on the journey. And very impressive these Grayrigg and Shap Fells were. At what an angle I had to look up to see their tops, silhouetted blue-grey against the dawn. Tiny sheep, dimly visible below,

augmented the look of vastness, and as the train, whirling along the winding stream, leaned over towards the bulky shape, the slowness with which the mountain's form and position changed, increased the illusion. Then an opposing curve of the rails would bring fresh hills and hollows into view; over a coomb, at the head, a cloud brooded perhaps, turning the mountain grey to indigo and purple, and above in the higher air would be the first flush of pink amongst the pearly lights of morning. Those great stretches of moorland and mountain side, so beautiful in their loneliness, at once fascinated and frightened me; childish wonder passed into awe which intensified, until it was a relief to have the spell broken by someone straightening himself out and letting a sweet, cool draught into the stuffy carriage. Then what gladness to see the sun peer over the mountain rim, hiding it with an aureole of light—happily before it robbed the hills of their mystery they were far away from all but the eye of memory.

This eagerly-expected and long-remembered half-hour, yearly enjoyed, was the whole of my youthful acquaintance with mountains. I wonder will my boy, who knew the lake hills before his alphabet, and has rambled over them with me when they have been wrapped in cloud, or laden with sunlit snow, in the clearness of May mornings and hazy summer heat—will he, I wonder, when he grows up, long for the hills as I do, or will the rents his knickerbockers have sustained in his scrambles be the chief result of my endeavours.

Curiously enough, I was never affected by the same hills seen in broad daylight on the return journey, nor yet by the grander distant mountains. To-day the attraction of Shap Fells is due mostly to the memories they call up, and much more precious is the far away little group of peaks seen across Morecambe Bay. As the train flies

northward, leaving Kendal below, my eyes are now strained to disentangle the Pikes and Crinkles, and if perchance I recognise Mickledore in that small gap on the sky line, at once the Sca Fell cliffs rise in all their grandeur above it, and in place of the low, blue, ragged ridge, seen by the eye of childhood and sadly confirmed by the camera, groups of majestic peaks appear, separated by the most varied valleys—peaceful, luxuriant, romantic or desolate—and linked by grassy arms, with tarns lying lonely in the hollows of their outstretched hands. Thus is vision distorted by knowledge.

The knowledge was long in coming. Until after my schooldays were over I had never been amongst the hills, but at length I was allowed freedom, and the first use made of it was to hasten to the heart of Lakeland, the summit of Great Gable, to discover whether those blue shadowy hills were really grander than Grayrigg. I blush to think of this first scramble. Two-thirds of the way up the mountain I got on to screes lying at what seemed to me then an appalling angle, and with terror felt myself slipping. I believe I lay on the stones for a time, afraid to move lest the mountain should shiver down, taking me over the edge of one of the precipices. Screes in those days were frequently piled up until they stood 60 degrees from the horizontal, and they still seem able to maintain this angle in the work of amateur artists, though to anyone who knows the mountains well the effect is unconvincing; since they have been content with an inclination of 35 to 40 degrees their terrors have vanished. The precipices also seem to have decreased in number, and instead of perpetually yawning beneath the mountain Rambler they have of late years required some hunting. The fright occasioned by this little episode was soon banished by the delight of being for the first time on a mountain top. The freedom was what

impressed me most; mile upon mile of wild country over which one could wander at will. It made me whirl my arms over my head in idiotic ecstasy. What joy to be able to cast off all restraint, to feel far out of anyone's sight or hearing, alone with Nature. I shouted, and was startled at the stillness; rushed about over the boulders to dissipate a nervous tremble caused by the strange loneliness, and came unexpectedly to the edge overlooking Wastdale and Hell Gate. Then for the first time I appreciated the austere grandeur of the mountains; of the mountains themselves, apart from adventitious aid of dawn or cloud or sunset glow. The Napes ridges proudly rearing up below me and the screes shooting down to the feet of those great rocks, sinuously swathing them, passing through their narrow gates and then down, far below, with unswerving straightness towards the distant stream—these filled me with new feelings of wonder.

But freedom was still the greatest discovery, and day after day, holiday after holiday, I returned to seek out the wildest fells, happy if rid of fields and fences, moving my quarters daily as desire guided, without the shackles of a plan. I began to feel that my mountain novitiate was over, and imagined that I enjoyed the hills to the full. As a matter of fact, I could not truly appreciate their very grandest parts. I often sat by Sprinkling Tarn to admire Great End; most of the cliffs in the district I had seen, but for over a dozen years I saw them with only half-opened eyes. Since I began to climb them they have been charged with quite a new impressiveness, even viewed from below or in the distance. I could not have believed, in those earlier days, that an intense appreciation of the mountains might be compatible with the most undignified gymnastics upon them, or that hilarious levity brimming over from jovial companions might even enhance the wild beauty of

gullies and ridges; but experience has taught me that scenery is enjoyed most in pauses between muscular and mental efforts. You are climbing a difficult chimney; your whole attention is given to surmounting the chock-stone just above, you wedge your knees firmly, your fingers manage to grip the stone, then a few moments of violent exertion and you are up. While you are recovering breath before looking after the rope for the next man the whole picture flashes into your mind and stamps itself there in a way that rarely happens when you look long and intently, trying to stamp it there yourself. Or you are sketching; while intent on reproducing the tones and colours of a sombre evening a filmy cloud on the mountain verge is suddenly seized by the hidden sun and turned to a fringe of fire; it sends down streamers into the shadow, leaves them to wind stealthily in the cold, round, unsuspected pinnacles, and floats away, a mass of glowing vapour, reflecting radiance, as it moves, on to the slabs of rock in the dark hollow beneath. You feel mad at the hopelessness of altering your sketch, but in those few moments before the gold is dimmed and the grey prevails, you will have drunk in more enjoyment than ever you would if you had merely gone out to watch the sunset. I have often heard that the best way to enjoy river scenery is to go fishing, and I feel confident that no greater opportunities are afforded to appreciate mountain grandeur than in climbing one of the grey cliffs which so often gather round the nobler summits.

But the best gift of the mountains to me came before I thought of rock-climbing; it may not be found by seeking; like joy, it is oftenest attained when on some other quest; follow it and it will fly away.

Who takes no thought
To him 'tis brought
To him, unsought 'tis given.

I myself gained it in suffering, and the recollection is still so painful that I shudder at the thought. I well remember stamping about on the Gable top all night, heedless alike of its grandeur and the cold. It was the most terrible night I have had to endure, a night of mental torture. Slowly the dark hours passed by, but before morning the spell of the hills had wrought its work. Since that day the mountains have been more to me than mere playgrounds; from majestic piles or grass- or lichen-covered rocks they were transformed to titans, who in their dreams listen to the joys and woes of the little restless wanderers amongst them, still them and echo their emotions in after years, returning the sweets of sorrow without its bitterness. From that night I have understood Coleridge's lines :—

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah, from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth.

But the life with which Lakeland is now invested by experience, apart from this one strain of sorrow, is wholly joyous. Derwentwater and Patterdale have always their "wedding-garments" and rejoice in the memory of roses. Langdale, too, is always the valley of friendship; Bow Fell may be storm-enveloped or snow-clad, but I still see it as on that June morning when two hardy rambles came upon me endeavouring to paint the mists travelling up its hollows; a chance meeting amongst the hills of three who had lived close to one another for years without getting

beyond nods and commonplaces. What times we have had together since, what tramps over moor and mountain, what memorable days on the Pillar, what sights for the gods! For years we have religiously observed the principal festivals, appointed by the Church, in Lakeland, feasting the day long in our own fashion "under the canopy," and returning nightly to make merry over flagons of shandygaff at the Wastdale or Buttermere inn.

Experiences have all endeared the district to me, so that I perhaps have an exaggerated idea of its loveliness, but remembrance of even the greater glories of Switzerland does but heighten its beauty for me. There is a delightful quietness about it all; no straining after startling effects like that of the Eiger, no "canine tooth in a gigantic carnivorous jaw," as Mr. Dent has called the Dru; even the Langdale Pikes, the nearest approach to the bizarre, look broadly based and strongly buttressed, and the little farms nestle comfortably at their feet. Nay, even under the grey cliffs of Sca Fell, silent, but for the drip of water from its high overhanging walls and the lonely call of the raven, out of sight of field or farm you are conscious that this spot of central wildness is girt round by the most habitable of mountain regions. Small—in a day it can be crossed in any direction—yet containing as many different types of beauty as it has valleys, and each type ever varying in mood. Time may perhaps, through the ruthless hand of man, wither certain charms; but, as was said about Cleopatra of old, custom can never stale its infinite variety.

PART II.

Ah, Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the heart's desire?

—Omar Khayyám.

One of the pleasantest diversions after a hard day on the hills is to sit in the Wastdale smoke-room listening to the endless stream of conversation, argument and banter which flows on, now with smooth serenity, now uproariously tossed from side to side, until thoughts of fitness for the morrow warn one after another to slink off bedwards. The room is small and has seat accommodation for about half-a-dozen, but this only gives the more opportunity for assuming unconventional postures on the floor. To-night the score of men who are thickening the atmosphere, are careless about bedtime, for the morrow is the day of dispersion. In the place of honour, by the fire, as of right, sits the Wanderer, listening for the most part, with an amused, tolerant expression playing round his grizzled moustache and beard, but breaking out at times into the most dogmatic and unaccommodating dicta. Then his face becomes full of serious animation and forms a fine contrast to the assumed nonchalance of the Bohemian beside him, or the more youthful animation of the majority in the room, but just now he is puffing quietly at his favourite down-curved pipe, waiting to be roused.

"May one enquire what last villainy has been perpetrated?" the Bohemian asks, holding out a hand for the climbing book, in which a youth has just finished entering the record of some exploit. "Have you violated the virginity of some secret cleft, or has 'the attempt and not the

deed confounded?' Hm!—threading the rope,—a shoulder up once more—are we to consider that conforming to the rules of the game, umpire?" he continues, addressing the Wanderer.

"In my improved system of mountaineering," replies the latter, "all aid, whether human or artificial, is absolutely forbidden in any circumstances whatever, and the offender is condemned to be hauled, between two guides, up Alps, provided with fixed ropes and spikes. The more a climber depends on his own brain and muscle the better, and the sooner you stop standing on each other's heads and shoulders, and using artificial aids on the rocks, the less chance there is that you will be made fools of by a few professional gymnasts and engineers."

"Well, I, for one, don't agree with you at all. I think one of the great pleasures of our sport is the good fellowship which comes from feeling that the climb is being done by the party rather than by the individual members of it."

"Oh, I can imagine the undying gratitude that each feels for all the never-to-be-mentioned pulls and shoves from his companions. No, the essential element in mountaineering, as a sport, is the overcoming of difficulties; in proportion as they are evaded the sport diminishes, and the ideal mountaineer is the man who makes first ascents, alone and unaided."

"Hear, hear!" a young Yorkshireman chimes in; "step up one, Wanderer. I'll go nap on those sentiments;" but the Wanderer doesn't seem quite pleased, and remarks to the Bohemian: "'Preserve me from my friends; I can defend myself against my enemies.'"

Meanwhile the Yorkshireman chatters on: "Look at the first ascents of the Needle and Pinnacle. Talk about

pulling big trees up, there are trump cards for you. For rattling good sport unroped climbing is A1."

A milder man now joins in the conversation. "Well, if you won't take proper precautions for your own sakes, I think you might for the sake of others. Don't all the leading authorities on climbing insist on the use of the rope?"

The Wanderer fires up. "'Sake of others!' 'Authorities!' What are authorities? Humbugs, sir; for the most part, humbugs—the concentrated essence of ineptitude! Good of others, indeed! You are just as short-sighted in your altruism as the rest of the civilised world, that saves up all its weaklings in hospitals to propagate a debilitated race, and makes conventional hypocrites of its worthless members, instead of encouraging them to dare to be themselves. If they only committed their crimes and were hanged, future generations might be saved from their leaven; and so with you and your rope. If you are anxious for the good of society, why, in the name of all reasonableness, don't you go unroped? If you're a duffer, and fall and kill yourself, the world will be well rid of you, and you won't run the risk of dragging down a man the world's in need of."

"Those are surely very un-Christian sentiments," replies the other.

"Modernity," the Bohemian remarks.

"But," the milder man adds, "why do you yourself always go roped if those are your opinions?"

"Mine? Not in the least," answers the Wanderer. "I'm a Hedonist. I've not been advocating altruism. They are yours, all of yours, taken to a logical conclusion."

"Rats!" ejaculated the Yorkshireman, emphatically.

"I beg your pardon! I don't quite grasp the drift of your remark—or argument, shall I say?"

"I mean they're not mine, nohow; and if that's your tack, by Jove, I'm not having any."

"If that's what you mean, your terse and original manner of expressing it in some measure atones for the occult contradiction——"

"Here, I say, steady on! Keep smiling! I've not learnt double Dutch."

"Don't overstrain him, old boy," says one who, tired of lying in what looked an easy attitude against another man's shins, had got up to stretch himself and glance outside, "if you want to make any improvements leave the sport and begin with the weather. We shall have a soaker on the way home to-morrow; clouds scurrying across from the south-west and the mercury falling."

The Wanderer looks up with a twinkle, remarking, "I intend to make a fortune some day out of an aneroid for sale to hotels and boarding houses—warranted always to rise when tapped; the subsequent fall to be managed stealthily when unobserved. A wetting never harms anyone, but worrying because one expects to get wet plays the very devil with enjoyment."

"I like your calm indifference," says my Tall friend, sitting on the table edge. "I wish you had to walk with us to Windermere, to-morrow, instead of trapping it down to Seascale; we'd see whether you'd sit still in the train with squelchy boots and clammy knees, without swearing, eh, Tommy, lad? Really, the railway ought to be brought up here to take us back from our climbing in comfort."

"Shame, shame," resounds on all sides.

"If there's one thing I detest it's getting wet on the way home. Now a short line from Drigg is all that's wanted, or you might have a delightful run from Windermere to Ambleside, right up Langdale (no one can say that

it's not spoilt already with those messy quarries), and a tunnel through to Wastdale Head."

"I might lose my chair if I got up to kick him," says the Wanderer, "but perhaps someone else will oblige," and the Bohemian is stirred to prophesy "Every peak and valley shall be accessible, but the access thereto shall then be of no avail."

"Why not?" the Wanderer asks; "won't any places spring up for the greasy multitudes to get beer at? Besides, you don't consider that though there would be nothing for them to look at but scenery, they would have the satisfaction of annihilating the monopoly enjoyed by the few who come here at present."

"Nay," says another, "you're too hard on the poor fellows; I'm sure that each of us in his time has met all conditions of men on the hills, and almost all of them appreciative."

"An argument on the other side," remarks the Wanderer. "The obstacles in the way of reaching the best mountains at present weed out the unappreciative. The only advantage that I can see in an express service to Wastdale is that there would probably be also an express service from it, by which we could quickly rush away from the invaders and solace ourselves with recollections."

"The memory of what has been and nevermore will be," the Bohemian adds, to himself.

"Ay, you may sneer," the Tall Man continues, "but I shall stick up for the rights of the masses in spite of you all. We had to endure enough conservatism and bunkum—pig-headed sentimentalism—from every pottering busy-body before the Thirlmere scheme was passed, and now look at the thousands who enjoy the lake on a first-rate road, and have the pleasure of knowing that the silver

threads coursing down Helvellyn are supplying a million people with pure mountain water."

"Do you remember what Thirlmere used to look like?" asks another, and being answered in the negative, continues: "Well, your finely engineered road, with its monotonous wall, used to be on one side a picturesque highway, and on the other a delightful rough lane, which kept the few cyclists there were well away. Lovely, irregular, moss-covered walls, with wild geranium in the crannies and crowned with ferns instead of a mean railing; and the walk, too, diversified by streams brawling down the hillside, by which you could loiter and drink; now all tantalisingly culverted and kept out of reach, and the monotony of the wall to-day is chiefly relieved by cast-iron gates——"

"Painted a delicate duck-egg blue."

"Admitted—blue cast-iron gates, and notices as to the penalty for stealing water. Why, merely to have seen the beauty of Thirlmere's old outline from Raven Crag and the quaint bridge that crossed it at Armboth would have convinced you."

"Nay, man, man! the shape's beautiful enough for anyone as it is, and as for the wall, never fear it'll get as rickety as the old one in time, and as much in need of being cleared of weeds, if that's all you want."

"Is it a fact," asks a man in the corner, playing chess under difficulties, "that the 'rock of names' has been tampered with?"

"That's a very minor matter," the Bohemian replies; "they've got a new one—beautiful polished granite with the noble appellations of the Waterworks Committee blazoned thereon in gold, and set up on a sham castle, which covers over the ugliness and horror of Manchester's new throat—a sham castle, with sham loopholes, sham

machicolations and a plentiful array of senseless battlements."

"Well," the Tall Man retorts, "at least they're the names of decent, respectable citizens, and as for Coleridge and Wordsworth, they were a couple of old vandals to carve their initials on the scenery. I wonder what the inhabitants said when they and Southey pounced down here and started exploiting the district? I'll bet they spoke about it exactly as you're talking now about the improvements of to-day. If you'd lived a hundred years ago you would all have protested—every stick-in-the-mud of you—against Wordsworth for dragging the beauties of these sequestered dales out of their retirement, and leading a horde of outlandish literary gents and tourists to overrun the district; but because the damage was done before your day you admire it. It's always the same. I'll warrant there were fine outcries before Grasmere Church was set up, letters to the *Times*, Mountain-solitude Preservation Societies, Leagues against interference with 'immemorial rights of rapine.' Ay, and now it gives the keynote of peace to this most tranquil vale, according to the writer of descriptive papers, full of umbrageous and ethereal thingamajigs."

"Well done," chimes in an engineer; "you'll convert them all soon. In the meantime I may state that I am prepared to give estimates for the proposed railway, and I'll stand you a drink, 'Long Legs,' on the strength of it!"

"Eh, man, man, I'm only kidding you. Do you think I want any more roads and railways?" This sudden change of front quite upsets the seriousness with which some of the party were trying to approach the question, but the Tall Man continues quite calmly: "Nay, when I become a millionaire I'll buy up the whole of the wild part of the Lake District for the nation,—the Sca Fell and Bow Fell

groups, and the mountains round the heads of Ennerdale, Borrowdale, and Langdale—the Old Man group also I would like, but—no, no, I'm afraid Coniston is too much spoilt; the quarries on the Honister might perhaps be cleared away, along with the wire railings on some of the Ennerdale tops, and then we'll have a Trust to see that there are no more railways or sordid industries."

"And all the old shepherds shall be waiters and the farmers' wives and daughters rapacious landladies, eh? And the paths shall be made straight, and finger-posts plentifully supplied, that we may all walk therein. No, I put not my confidence in Trusts, nor my trust in would-be benefactors."

The Traveller nods assent to the Bohemian's cynical forebodings, and adds despondently: "Trust or no Trust, it will all come to the same thing soon. I saw it happen so at Zermatt before some of you were born, and I foresee the fate of Wastdale Head. A road over the Sty will be the beginning; then there will be an outcry of lack of accommodation, and several well-appointed hotels will naturally follow, with a guide's bureau beside the bandstand and telescopes in the parterres for watching the principal climbs. Next, a funicular railway up Gavel Neese to an Aussichtspunkt Beer-garden on the Gable top, with a station midway for visitors to the Needle and Arêtes. Performances on the Needle might take place at stated times in correspondence with the trains, and for the benefit of those who are doing the Lakes in three days, and can spare no time for any sights, except those marked with a double star, cinematograph exhibitions of ascents would be given in the Wastdale Concert Hall at night. Then, if I might suggest further probable improvements, the best view points on the mountain could be planted with seats (no doubt our friend's Lake District Fund would undertake

this), and the various routes on the crags could be indicated by splashes of paint, freshened up annually before the season. Danger-boards at the bottom of certain climbs have already been suggested, I think; on the easier and more frequented it will be necessary to regulate the traffic by confining ascents to one route and descents to another. Then beggars might be licensed to yodel and make horn-echoes in front of precipices for the delectation of visitors."

"Really," the Tall Man strikes in, "when all this comes to pass I shall not be bothered every year by my friends to go to Switzerland with them; they'll find all its advantages here."

"Then, of course, having done all they could think of for the delight of the greatest number the Trustees would naturally wish to do honour to all who had helped to make this possible, by erecting inappropriate monuments in prominent places to our friend the donor, to Wordsworth and Ruskin, to each other, perhaps. I don't know whether any other innovations occur to anyone."

More wild life—red deer and an eagle or two is suggested as an improvement, but a Scotchman fires up at this with: "Hoots, mon, ye canna tell when ye're well aff; na, we've seen what wild life means in Scotland."

"Give our Highland experience, Thomas," says the Tall Man; "they're not always so strict as people imagine."

"No! and I fancy that a considerable proportion of the Scotch ascents are made in prohibited months. However, we went to a glen where we understood, from the guide-book, that there was no prohibition, although every day we came across 30 or 40 deer and watched them race up the corries in front of us. Well, each morning we passed an old Highlander in his potato patch, with bare-legged kiddies about him, or with his sheep dogs at the foot of

the hills, and had the usual word with him on the state of the weather, so when we found him at the Inn with our Host one evening, of course we ordered whisky for him and started to chat. After a while I began to tell of some fine stags we had seen while on the rocks; they couldn't see or scent us, but kept looking about uneasily when we loosened a stone, and we managed to get quite close before they spotted us and dashed off in a panic. Well, old what's his name, the landlord, listened for a while, and then said, drily, "I'm thinking you'd better no' be telling where you've been and what you've been seeing," but the Highlander (who was a keeper, of course) only remarked: 'Ach, maybe they'd pe hares,' and hares, long or short eared, as the case might be, we called them while he remained there."

"Ay," the Tall Man adds, "it was a fine sight, but not worth exchanging for freedom."

"Bother the red deer," interposes an irreverent youth. "I want to know why there are none of the pink and white variety now, as there used to be in Albert Smith's days, to smother us with flowers and kisses on our safe return, or to implore us to rest our weary heads upon their breasts as they implored Sir Excelsior. But then, of course, none of us has the correct sad brow—or is it a falchion eye or clarion tongue that's wanting?"

While the company is in the vein for improvements I make a venture myself, but it is ruled out of order, being nothing less than the turning of Saddleback, so as to link the Helvellyn range with Skiddaw, block the railway, crush the disfiguring granite works, and show its almost Alpine ridges to the heart of Lakeland instead of to the outer world. Another suggestion is more favourably considered, for, although it involved the subsidence of south-west Cumberland to the extent of two or three hundred

feet, instances of similar occurrences were quickly given, whereas the removal of mountains has for many centuries commended itself more as a test of faith than as a recognised trade. I draw pictures of the sea submerging the tract between Blackcombe and Whitehaven, with its mines, railways and watering places, and reaching up Wastdale as up some wild Highland loch.

"Tell you how," an American remarks to the fire, "that's all middling good so far as it goes, but another submergence seems more pressing—I indicate the people. You don't give your scenery a chance. I sit on the top of Sca Fell and try to locate the objects of interest, when up pop irrepressible individuals out of chimneys and Lord knows where all around, until the hillock is all scabby with fellow-creatures."

"Allow me to shake hands with you," says the Wanderer, "that's the only reasonable suggestion we've had yet," and then he goes on to tell of the pleasures of loneliness; of tent-life in the High Alps away from the throng, of exploration in distant parts of the globe. We stir his recollections and he describes the Alps when they were but half known, passes on to the Himalayas, with side stories of Eastern ways, Gurkha guides, hypnotic jugglers; from there jumping to and fro about the earth and ending, as we began, in Lakeland, but in the days when the wilder parts of it were really lonely, before there were finger-posts on the mountain passes and dress circle seats opposite the Napes Needle; when the gullies and chimnies were unnamed and the cliffs undisturbed save by buzzards and ravens.

The Tall Man told me next day, as we tramped over Sca Fell Pike, that in his sleep a railway porter shook him up and asked for his ticket. "Coniston," he answered drowsily. "Coniston, where's Coniston?" said the porter,

but another one heard and replied, "Oh, he's all right; it's where the quarries used to be—next station beyond Doe Crag. But he's got no ice-axe. What's he going to do without an ice-axe? Just wait a minute and I'll bring him one and a rope and footwarmer."

"Oh, man!" he added, longingly, "if only Lakeland could be left for each one of us exactly as he first knew it."

EVENING AT ABYDOS, UPPER EGYPT.

BY HUGH STANNUS.

THIS awful Waste: this Silence that appals:
 Sahara's far horizon, so oft scanned
 By lone lost wanderers on the pathless sand:
 These Ruins echoing dread Hyæna-calls.

Why do men haunt these weird uncovered Halls
 Still standing in this dim mysterious Land,
 But that they see the phantom "Beckoning hand":
 And feel the Ancient glamour still enthrals?

And, as they wander 'mid the storied walls
 By long-past Priests, for long-past Worship planned,
 Whose aspirations, cares, and troubles, cease,
 Does there not come again the longed-for Peace
 As, at day's close, by cooling breezes fanned,
 The After-glow steals up and sweet Night falls?



GEORGE HERBERT.

BY WILLIAM C. HALL.

IN our estimate of poets we have no definite standard according to which all are to be judged, for the artist has not yet become the artisan; no ultimate criterion for proving, as with fire, every man's work, of what sort it is; nor any unquestionable rule wherewith we may measure, and measure out, the material of the poet's dreaming. Somewhat of a Philistine in matters of literary technology, I may be pardoned this assertion at the outset of a brief consideration of the work of one whom you shall fail to classify, whose sweet lines of pensive passionateness baffle analysis and elude the mind which searches too assiduously after their secret. And the reason is that they bring with them a temper which does not belong to formal poetry, any more than the masterpiece of a great painter owes itself to correctness and convention.

"Give the chalk here—quick, thus the line should go!

Ay, but the soul! he's Raphael! rub it out!"

The maker of perfect lines too often succeeds only in enchainning a specious commonplace; the poet is a libertine, a wild youth of the countryside, a masculine boy who sings not seldom out of waywardness. He cannot help but sing. But the volatile, transcendent song he gives us we are prone to compare with what others have poured forth, to bring his individuality into company wherein its quality

shall be tested, and apportion him rank as a form-master in what we facetiously call a "school."

Now, to crowd a few poets of a minor order together, and label the batch "metaphysical," is to perpetrate an atrocity, from the very contemplation of which a sensitive man will shrink; but he who has done this was not a sensitive man, or he could never have ventured upon the bloodless business of compiling a dictionary. Shades of Johnson! I trust, sir, I have not offended an immortal god! But even a mortal, travailing in unfortunate qualifications, considers the designation has "some justice in itself," an opinion we may not share with Mr. Saintsbury, because it is manifestly absurd to associate the religious lyrics of Herbert with the courtly erotics of Donne and give them a common name—and such a name. Herbert, at least, stands apart, distinct in individuality, and no "metaphysical."

The life of George Herbert, that angler in many pleasant waters old Izaak Walton, has told, not indeed with unimpeachable accuracy of detail, but with a faithfulness of spirit and an affection which redeem the biography from every harsh judgment and make it our prime authority. I do not think we are brought into the presence of an obsequious flatterer of kings, or a disappointed courtier who buried his grief in a country cure and lived out better days; such suggestions cannot be reconciled with that humility and sweetness of soul which distinguished the parson of Bemerton, but we have before us a man who represents, as ideally as plain fact can, one of the best elements of the Church of England—let me say the English Church—the parish priest whose care is for the life of all his people, but chiefly for its spiritual nourishment. I realise this, in spite of the circumstance that his portrait comes to us drawn by a loving hand, especially by

reason of his beautiful little book, "The Country Parson," which is better known, but less aptly described, by its primary title, "A Priest to the Temple." Fifty years ago it was more read than it is to-day, but its reading is absolutely necessary for a just appreciation of Herbert and for a true interpretation of the more significant of the verses which are comprised in "The Temple." In my judgment it is much better prose than the latter work is good poetry, and I cannot account for its neglect save in the fact that the tyranny of the poets, surviving to these present days, has bullied us into the opinion that prose writers are merely journalists. Let me say of it that it is a more faithful autobiography than any that could have been consciously penned, and as literature the model of a simple style, I will not say perfect, but adequate.

Our attention is naturally intended to be directed to "The Temple." I have alluded to it as a collection of verses, and this is all a critic would allow it to be as a whole. For what your critic usually seeks after are lapses and imperfections rather than the dominant characteristics and distinguishing excellencies of authors. Now, there is much in "The Temple" which its true lover could willingly dismiss. Verses turned according to a geometrical figure, constructions which, finished, cause the maker to smile at his cleverness, little jokes with words that wish they were complete puns, are not poetical creations; but we have here to remember that Herbert was not so much the victim of a craze as the conscious runner of an interesting fad. Moreover, this kind of experiment in verse, while productive of feeble stanzas and lines which are purged of beauty, is to be thanked for the two loveliest poems Herbert wrote—viz., "Vertue" and "Aaron." Hymnologists, catering for religious people with modern tastes and a limited selection of tunes, have most foully crushed out of

countenance the former, which mirrors the entire soul of Herbert:—

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and sky ;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye ;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie ;
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

“ Aaron ” I regard as his masterpiece ; some will say, not his alone but the chief of all religious poems of its class. It consists of five verses of five lines each, whose measure rises and falls, and in all of which the rimes are the same. It is poetry in every syllable :—

Holiness on the head,
Light and perfections on the breast,
Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
To leade them unto life and rest.
Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profanenesse in my head,
Defects and darkness in my breast,
A noise of passions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no rest,
Poor priest thus am I drest.

Onely another head

I have, another heart and breast,
Another musick, making live not dead,
Without whom I could have no rest;
In him I am well drest.

Christ is my onely head,

My alone onely heart and breast,
My onely musick, striking me ev'n dead;
That to the old man I may rest,
And be in him new drest.

So holy in my head,

Perfect and light in my deare breast,
My doctrine tun'd by Christ (who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do rest).
Come people; Aaron's dust.

I am dealing, of course, with "The Temple" as a piece of literature, not as a book of devotion. On this consideration a word is called for on four lines in "Easter" which have been used unduly, I think, as indicative of Herbert's poetical capability:—

I got me flowers to straw thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

Now I do not believe that the acceptance of these as typical of anything Herbert might have produced will contribute to a fair estimate of his range or power. Many of us have done as good, and this signifies nothing. They are rather to be taken as the fugitive and casual product of an easy moment; further, they are quite exceptional, whilst the manner in which they stand in the poem suggests their freedom from premeditation.

But our judgment is to be based upon the very varied character of the stanzas he wrote and the splendid effects which in certain instances he achieved. This will not perhaps assign him a great rank among English poets, even of his own period, but it will give him a right to stand alone as a writer of religious verse, a position he would have sought if he had had any ambition. Of the secret of his writing he tells us in the second poem on "Jordan":—

When first my lines of heav'nly joys made mention,
Such was their lustre, they did so excell,
That I sought out quaint words, and trim invention;
My thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell,
Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
Decking the sense, as if it were to sell.

Thousands of notions in my brain did runne,
Off'ring their service, if I were not sped:
I often blotted what I had begunne;
This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the sunne,
Much less those joys which trample on his head.

As flames do work and winde, when they ascend,
So did I weave my self into the sense.
But while I bustled, I might heare a friend,
Whisper, *How wide is all this long pretence!*
There is in love a sweetnesse readie penn'd;
Copie out that, and save expense.

He sang for love of singing, and so was, in nature at least, a poet; he sang for love—ah, that is George Herbert! That, too, is the secret of those who for nearly three centuries have read the little book which bears "the picture of a divine soul in every page":—

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
 Guiltie of dust and sinne;
 But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in,
 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
 If I lack'd anything.

"A guest," I answered, worthy to be here":
 Love said, "You shall be he."
 "I, the unkinde, ungratefull? Ah, my deare,
 I cannot look on thee."
 Love took my hand, and smiling did reply:
 "Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my shame
 Go where it doth deserve."
 "And know you not," sayes Love, "who bore the blame?"
 "My dear, then I will serve."
 "You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."
 So I did sit and eat.

Lack of space must excuse me from further quotation. Otherwise, I should be tempted to notice "The Church-porch"—the longest poem, consisting of four hundred and fifty lines—"Holy Baptism," "Affliction," "The Church-floore," "The Pearl," "The Quip," "The Method," "The Pulley," "The Odour," "Discipline," and "Sunday." However, these, together with those I have cited, may be taken as an Herbert anthology. They represent him at his best, both of form and of substance, and most of them would have been worthy creations of any poet.

While in "The Temple" you will find scarcely a line that may be termed humorous, there is humour, gentle sallies at human pride and folly and subtle smiles in presence of our vanities. But there is no irony, sarcasm, or cynicism, nothing that mocks and wounds, only sincere

words that speak in quaint accents the simple affection of a man who knows not how to reproach. Wit of the larger kind there is, not eminently false, though that excellent purveyor of thin honey, Joseph Addison, does such declare it; wisdom, too, not penetrating but pure. Under and over all is sincerity, of concept and expression, without which no song that poet sings can live long in the heart of man.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY GEORGE MILNER.

WHEN Laura, sweet maiden, would show us
She, too, can be gentle and good
Her lids are down-dropt and she whispers
In plaintive and tenderest mood.

But when in some moment of rapture
Her sprightlier spirits arise,
The scorn on her lip is a torture,
And wild is the flash of her eyes.

Now which, when the swains are around her,
Is the mood that they most desire,
The melting and langorous passion,
Or the glance that is tipped with fire?

"Ah, give us," they say, "not the first one—
'Tis Pity that moves in her breast—
The boon that we ask is the second—
'Tis Love, and that surely is best.



CONCERNING THE CLERGY OF FICTION.

BY GEORGE H. BELL.

IF, as we are assured on the very highest authority, it is the purpose of the player "to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure," so in another manner and in a different degree is this the office of the Novelist. How often, after reading the modern novel, are we tempted to complete the quotation and to say: "This overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve." Many of us find that our ideas on certain subjects have been largely shaped by the drama, and our opinion of some historical characters is perhaps more frequently derived from Shakespeare than from Smollett. Others are content to derive their knowledge of the past from the pages of a novel, and associate Queen Anne's time with Colonel Esmond or the details of Sedgemoor with Micah Clark. To produce such effects as these the novelist has to take what Thackeray called "his puppets" from their box and present them before the public in becoming costume.

Just as in some managers' boxes there are the stock characters of Punch and Judy, the Judge and the Executioner, so in the ordinary novel we expect to find certain characters such as the soldier, the lawyer, the squire, the

E

doctor and the clergyman—in fact the stock characters in the drama of life. These characters, to be valuable, must be true to nature. They must think, speak and act as they would have done had they actually lived at the time and under the conditions in which they are presented to us, and it is only in so far as they approach this truth that they are likely to live in the pages of fiction. I purpose very briefly examining some of the clerical puppets with which we are all familiar, and endeavouring to ascertain how far they fulfil these conditions. Before proceeding to do this it is of interest to remark how many writers of fiction have sprung from the clergy. Oliver Goldsmith, Jane Austen, the Brontës, the Kingsleys, Lewis Carroll and Mrs. Lynn Lynton were all, what the Scotch call “children of the manse.” Although Thackeray did not spring directly from the clergy, several of his ancestors had been in orders. One rose to the dignity of Archdeacon of Surrey, and another held the living of Hauxwell in the North Riding of Yorkshire—the home in after years of Mark Pattison and Sister Dora.

The foremost figure in the long procession of fictional clergy is, of course, the Vicar of Wakefield. Goldsmith's exquisite creation still stands unrivalled in its sweetness and simplicity. “He is drawn” (says the Doctor in his advertisement to the first edition) “ready to teach and ready to obey, simple in affluence, and majestic in adversity,” and he goes on to say, “In this age of opulence and refinement whom can such a character please?” It must be gratifying to the Doctor to know that the character has pleased thousands of readers, and that to-day, when almost a century and a half have passed away, the Vicar of Wakefield still holds his place in literature as Tony Lumpkin does the stage.

The circumstances of Jane Austen's early life offered

excellent opportunities for observing clerical life, and she has left us ample proof that the opportunities were not neglected. Her pages teem with parsons, generally young and good-looking, with fat livings, either in possession or in prospect, but men of the most ordinary types. Someone has said they are all fools. We should hesitate to endorse this criticism entirely, but we must confess that they are all commonplace to the last degree. It is not, however, so much the general character of Jane Austen's clergy which is noticeable as the conception they formed of the duties and responsibilities of their office and of the extremely businesslike view they took of a "living." Instead of being a cure of souls it was looked upon literally as a living for the man who was fortunate enough to obtain it, and when it was obtained his object seemed to be to discover the minimum of work which would entitle him to the stipend. Says Miss Crawford in "*Mansfield Park*"

A clergyman is nothing, and his motive for going into the Church is indolence and love of ease, a want of all laudable ambition, of taste for good company or of inclination to take the trouble of being agreeable, which makes men clergymen. A clergyman has nothing to do but to be slovenly and selfish, read the newspaper, watch the weather and quarrel with his wife. His curates do all the work, and the business of his life is to dine.

It may be argued that this is merely the opinion of one young lady in one particular book, and is not therefore a fair example, but the attitude of the novelist towards the clergy and their patrons can be gathered from the novels generally, and not from one individual chapter. And I cannot doubt that Jane Austen was perfectly familiar with the habits and customs of the clergy of her

time, and has left us a fairly accurate picture of them. Her inclination, moreover, would naturally lead her to present as favourable a portrait of them as possible, and to tone down all their shortcomings.

The disposal of livings is everywhere mentioned as a matter which concerned no one save the patron and the parson. In "*Mansfield Park*" Sir Thomas Bertram gives the living of Mansfield to Mr. Norris, his brother-in-law. It is worth £1,000 per annum, and in the ordinary way would have fallen to Sir Thomas's second son, Edmund, but owing to the eldest son's debts it has to be sold, and Dr. Grant is the purchaser.

"The living," says Sir Thomas, "was hereafter for Edmund, and had his uncle died a few years sooner, it would have been duly given to some friend to hold till he was old enough for orders." But Tom's extravagance had been so great as to render a disposal of the next presentation necessary. There was another family living held for Edmund which made matters easier for Sir Thomas. "You have robbed Edmund," he says to Tom, "of ten, twenty, thirty years, perhaps for life, of more than half the income which ought to have been his—through the urgency of your debts." Dr. Grant, who bought the next presentation to Mansfield proved to be a hearty man of forty-five, and so appeared likely to upset Mr. Bertram's calculations, which were to the effect that being "a short-necked, apoplectic sort of fellow he only required to be well plied with good things to cause him to pop off soon."

Readers of "*Mansfield Park*" will remember how fond the reverend gentleman was of good living, notably of green goose, how soon he did fulfil Tom Bertram's prediction, and how opportunely so for Edmund and Fanny.

In "*Persuasion*" Charles Hayter married Henrietta Musgrove on the strength of holding a living for a youth

who could not possibly claim it for many years. "And a very good living it is, in the centre of some of the best preserves in the Kingdom." It is in this novel that Sir Walter Elliott speaks of a clergyman thus

Wentworth? Oh, ay. Mr. Wentworth, the curate of Monkford. You misled me by the term gentleman; I thought you were speaking of some man of property. Mr. Wentworth was nobody, quite unconnected.

Mr. Morland in "Northanger Abbey" speaks in the most matter-of-fact manner of the living promised to his son James, and from the casual way in which that gentleman visits his parish at intervals we can picture the way his duties were discharged.

In "Sense and Sensibility" Edward Ferrars takes the living of Delaford at £200 or £250 per annum, given him to atone for the loss of his fortune, and with no other purpose than to provide for him. He is ordained and instituted within a few months.

The attitude of the Austen novels on clerical matters may be fairly judged from these references, and I hold the authoress to be at once a friendly and a reliable witness to the condition of affairs at the time referred to. She does not describe clergymen as openly vicious or immoral, but she does depict them as slothful, fond of their ease and of good living, and regarding their vocation merely as the best method of obtaining a livelihood with the smallest modicum of work. A low standard such as this would necessarily produce its effect on the people, and an appreciation of Jane Austin's clerical sketches will enable us to form a more accurate judgment of her time.

Thackeray has left us the portraits of five parsons, and it would be difficult to say which was the worst man of them. Tom Tusher is first introduced to us in "Esmond,"

and spoken of thus:—"Yes," says the Dowager, "Tusher, my maid's son, and who has got all the qualities of his father the lacquey in black, and his accomplished mamma the waiting woman." In this connection there is an eminently Thackerayan aside when Father Holt says in his quiet way to Esmond: "Madam Tusher is attached to my lady, having been her waiting woman in the old lord's time. She married Doctor Tusher, the chaplain. The English divines often marry the waiting women." It will be remembered that Squire Allworthy intended giving Jenny Jones in marriage, together with a small living, to a neighbouring curate. There is no need to follow Tusher's progress to the episcopal bench. His preferment is mentioned by Harry Warrington in a letter to Mountain.

Madam, the Baroness Bernstein first married a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Tusher, who was so learned and good and such a favourite of His Majesty—as *was my aunt, too*—that he was made a Bishop.

Mr. Sampson, Lord Castlewood's Chaplain, was, says the same correspondent, an excellent preacher without any "*bigatry*," which we can quite believe from the description of Sunday at Castlewood, when the excellent preacher was quite ready to drink, dice, play cards, give the latest betting information, and in fact behave in anything but a becoming manner for so learned a divine. Unlike Tom Tusher, he was not rewarded with a Bishopric; George Warrington even denying him the village living, deeming his past life too loose and his example anything but edifying.

Bute Crawley, the third member of the quintette, has been regarded as the typical country parson of the time. If this is so they must have been a sad lot, for the reverend gentleman was much more addicted to gambling, prize-

fighting, horse-racing, and kindred sports than he was to parish work, which he left generally to his wife.

Charles Honeyman, the clergyman, of the "Newcomes," has been well described by Fred Bayham. "Saving your presence, Clive," said Bayham," and with every regard for the youthful bloom of your young heart's affection, your Uncle Charles Honeyman, sir, is a bad lot." In which opinion we all concur, yet Charles in the end showed some signs of repentance, and I can forgive him much for the remittance he made to the Colonel from India, on the failure of the great Bundelcund Bank.

There is absolutely nothing to redeem the character of Tom Tufton Hunt, the very disreputable parson of "Philip," but I think if I had been compelled to select a chaplain from the quintette I would have taken him in preference to Tusher, whom I hold to be the most despicable of Thackeray's clerics.

Charlotte Brontë's clerical portraits are admittedly drawn from life, especially the three curates in "Shirley." There is a touch of humour in Miss Brontë's description of her meeting with Mr. Donne after the publication of "Shirley." "The very curates—poor fellows—show no resentment; each characteristically finds solace for his own wounds in crowing over his brethren. Mr. Donne *was* at first a little disturbed but he is now soothed down. I had the pleasure of making him a cup of tea and seeing him sip it with revived complacency." The boyish freaks of the curates seem strange to us to-day, and would cause much scandal if indulged in at the present time even in remote country districts, and yet they do not appear to have been particularly noticeable then. Speaking of Mr. Malone, another of the Shirley curates, Miss Brontë says

There came as his successor to Briarfield another Irish curate, Mr. Macarthy. I am happy to inform you *with truth*

that this gentleman did as much credit to his country as Malone had done it discredit; he proved himself as decent, decorous and conscientious as Peter was rampant and boisterous. He laboured faithfully in the parish; the schools, both Sunday and day schools, flourished under his sway like green bay trees.

What an interesting link with the past is this, for Mr. Macarthy was no other than Mr. A. B. Nichols, who married Charlotte Brontë, in 1854, and is still living in Ireland.

Wide as was Dickens' range of characters he has left us no prominent clergyman, and I cannot think such an omission entirely accidental. In my somewhat extensive clerical acquaintance I could have found at least one model whose marked peculiarities would have stood out in bold relief on his canvas.

If we except "*Scenes from Clerical Life*" Geo. Eliot has not added any particularly striking cleric to our list. Perhaps the most noticeable is the self-opinionated Sir Oracle—Casaubon, in "*Middlemarch*." From Dorothea's point of view we may feel that his death was one of those departures which are euphoniously spoken of as "a happy release," and we are sure that her after-life as Mrs. Ladislaw, if not lived on quite so high a plane, was at any rate much more endurable.

I should be doing an injustice to the chaplains of fiction if I did not say a good word for Jack Brimblecomb, chaplain to the Brotherhood of the Rose. Of lowly birth and unprepossessing appearance he yet showed qualities which endeared him to the gallant men of that illustrious Brotherhood, and which have kept his memory green among the admirers—and they are many—of Kingsley's novel.

The Barchester clergy are perhaps the most perfect

clerical group in fiction. From Bishop Proudie down to Obadiah Slope they are all alive to-day. "Where," says Trollope "shall we find a man as good, as sweet, and as mild as my Warden?" and we can repeat the same question. Trollope tells us how the story had its origin.

In the course of the job I visited Salisbury, and whilst wandering one mid-summer evening round the purlieus of the Cathedral I conceived the story of the Warden, from which came that series of novels of which Barchester, with its Bishops, Deans, and Archdeacons, was the central site. I may as well declare at once that no one at their commencement had less reason than myself to presume himself able to write about clergymen. I have been often asked in what period of my early life I had lived so long in a cathedral city as to become intimate with the ways of a close. I never lived in any cathedral city except London, never knew anything of any close, and at that time had enjoyed no particular intimacy with any clergyman. My Archdeacon, who has been said to be lifelike, and for whom I confess I have a parent's fond affection, was, I think, the result of an effort of my moral consciousness. It was such as that, in my opinion, an Archdeacon should be. And yet, so far as I can remember, I had not then even spoken to an Archdeacon.

How real Trollope's characters were to him we may gather from his regret at killing Mrs. Proudie, the result of a rash promise made one evening in the Athenæum, after dinner. "I have somewhat regretted the deed, and still live much in company with her ghost."

Hawthorn said of Trollope's novels that they were "as English as a beefsteak;" and this is specially true of his clergymen. They are all types of the Bishops, Priests and Deacons to be found within the establishment to-day. And how admirably are they contrasted! Take the two Bishops of Barchester. The one well-bred, dignified but

loveable, too much inclined to take things easily and allow his son the Archdeacon to rule over the diocese; the other unfitted for the position of diocesan, both by birth and disposition, weak and wavering, and at the mercy of his ambitious, domineering wife, for whom, however, with all her faults, one always feels sorry at the end. Then Archdeacon Grantly, one of the most prominent men in the whole clerical gallery; a strong man, imbued with the dignity of his office—perhaps unduly so, but living up to his lights,—active, vigorous and energetic; a splendid foil to his father-in-law the Warden. I confess to an admiration for the Archdeacon, but for Mr. Harding I have a warmer feeling, especially when he puts his foot down at the end, and despite the Archdeacon sends in his resignation. Mr. Roberts, the Vicar of Framley, with his tweed suit and entirely unclerical get-up, and Dean Arabin, the College Don, form another pair. Obadiah Slope, the Bishop's Chaplain, a character in keeping with most of the Chaplains of fiction, a kind of clerical Uriah Heep, and Mr. Quiverful, with so many reasons at home for desiring an increased income.

These, with Mr. Crawley, the poor, proud scholar, one of the most skilfully-drawn figures in the whole realm of fiction (inseparably connected in our minds with the rustic's dictum, "It's dogged as does it") combine to form a cluster of characters any writer might be proud of. Each man has his own distinct individuality, and stands clearly out from his fellows. We have in the Barchester parsons a typical group of 19th century clergy, and one destined, from the accuracy of its delineation, to live for some time in the pages of fiction. They do not stand still, they develop as time goes by. The Archdeacon of the "*Last Chronicle*" is the Archdeacon of the "*Warden*," but, mellowed by time, not quite so domineering and a

little more inclined to live and let live. Mark Roberts learns by bitter experience, and ripens into an excellent fellow, and although the dear old Warden does not improve, he could not do this, still the changes inevitable to old age are all skilfully depicted, and we feel in each novel of the series that he is getting a little older.

In bringing this sketchy paper to a conclusion, I cannot but refer to the great changes which have come about in connection with my subject within the past two centuries. Conditions which Jane Austen and Thackeray speak of with complacency would not be tolerated to-day, and although there is still ample room for improvement in such matters as patronage and discipline, surely we have made some steps forward, and are in better case than our forefathers. As regards the clergy themselves, I consider they have not had justice done them in fiction. This is more in consequence of the selection than the portrayal of characters. Possibly the novelist would defend his selection by saying that the clergyman without any marked features, estimable, it may be, in every relationship of life, and fitting his office in most praiseworthy manner, is not a sufficiently picturesque figure for the pages of a novel. On the other hand, the villain has his villainy increased by virtue of his calling, and presents additional features of interest on that account. However this may be, disreputable parsons appear to predominate in fiction. In the earlier novels, the clergy are usually described (there are, of course, bright exceptions but I speak generally) as anything but reverend characters. Frequently of humble birth and occupying a vastly different position from that of their successors of to-day, they do not appear to advantage, but as time goes on we notice a gradual improvement, not only in the men themselves, but also in their environment.

Until the Millenium arrives black sheep will never become entirely extinct, even in clerical flocks, but it is something if they are more difficult to find nowadays and if their doings are not obtruded on the public gaze. As a great novelist has said: "We may not be more virtuous, but it is something to be more decent. Perhaps we are not more pure but surely we are more cleanly."

A SONG TO THE WIND.

BY LAURENCE CLAY.

HAIL! Hail! Hail! All hail!
O wind that blows strong and blows free,
The blood mounts the face
In response, to embrace
The life that thou bringest for me.

Blow, blow, blow, ever blow,
And take all my ill far away;
Leave me the tone
That the hills white and lone
On invisible wings send to-day.

And wind, O wind, never sigh
When no more may my heart bound with thee,
But o'er that green grass
As breezily pass
For then am I evermore free.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

By J. H. BROCKLEHURST.

WHILE the business side of advertisements is the most prominent, and, under certain conditions, that which calls for the first consideration, yet to survey them from their historical, literary, and ethical standpoints is not, let us hope, a work of supererogation, nor a profitless occupation; and, further, as a product of mental activity taking visible shape in the written or printed word, picture or design, they cannot be totally neglected by the literary student, even though the whole range of English literature be still calling for criticism and perusal.

The advertisement, as we know it, is of comparatively recent origin, and, from very small beginnings, has become one of the chief factors in the life of civilized man, for through it he learns where his wants may be supplied, and is skilfully persuaded to increase his wants, luxuries and recreations. However much we are inclined in our high-souled æsthetic moods to revile them, execrate them, and pray for their speedy suppression because of their universality and blatant persistency, we must in calmer moments recognise that they perform indispensable functions in the body politic, and this would seem to be the spirit in which they are now generally viewed. Thorough-paced, deep-rooted objections and objurgations only come now and then from some old curmudgeon, who seems to have been left behind

by a past generation, and whose dismal, dazed, somnolent appearance suggests that he strayed from the graveyard during his obsequies.

A moment's reflection shows how many things we should miss were it not for the proper and full announcement of their existence, how many pleasures and pursuits, how many of the means of mental enjoyment and cultivation. Yet the influence and extent of advertising as exemplified to-day are small to what they may be in the years to come, for the subject is receiving serious and careful study by men whose lives are given up to the work, both in this country and elsewhere, and special papers and books are published whose sole object is the teaching of advertising methods and operations.

One writer on the subject has published a large book of 1,000 pages. It is an American work, and is devoted solely to what is called in the States "publicity." It is written to tell how to advertise, when to advertise, and what to advertise; nevertheless the author says that the man who knows how to advertise has not been born, but the man who thinks he knows is born at the rate of a hundred a minute.

This is not a very flattering testimony to the author's capacity for instructing others, for he must by virtue of the premiss laid down be only one who *thinks* he knows. His method of advertising himself does not tend to give one confidence in his instruction, but no doubt "he can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow his own teaching."

Were he not thus somewhat discredited at the outset, some of his remarks might be taken sorely to heart by budding poets and aspirants after literary fame, as, for instance, when he says: "It has been remarked that there is more gray matter used in the preparation of the

advertising pages of the magazines and newspapers than is expended in producing much of the literature and news of the world;" and, again, "almost any man can write literature if he is backed with education and a dictionary."

Evidently the gentleman was suffering from an inflated cerebrum or writing very loosely when he committed these last words to paper, for when we speak of literature we mean, as Dean Stanley has expressed it, "those great works that rise above professional or commonplace uses and take possession of the mind of a whole nation or age." Our would-be mentor also takes upon himself the rôle of a prophet, and adopting a form of speech at once proleptic and retrospective, thus glorifies the advertiser:—

The inventor of a system of advertising of guaranteed success will rest under a sky-scraping monument in the same field with the men who discovered the composition of electricity and connected the planets with a circuit railroad.

If such be the reward of genius let us thank our stars that we have no chance of so great a recognition, for it is manifestly reserved for the inhabitants of the land of sky-scrapers. May they rest in peace beneath those mighty advertisements of their achievements.

We have spoken of the universality of advertising, and this is true, for it is practised in all grades of society, trades and professions, from the monarch on the throne to the humblest hawker of bootlaces, buttons or bananas. The future historian will find more material in the advertisements to be unearthed from the files of the newspapers and magazines of the times to guide him to exact conclusions about our habits and modes of life at home and outside than in whole reams of descriptive articles and ponderous leaders from the editorial chair. He might be misled in a few trifling details, but expunge

all the glowing eloquence of the leader writer and newsmonger if you will, in Russian fashion, and leave him the advertisements. From them the life of the nation can be more accurately and justly measured and depicted. Thence can be learned our hopes and fears, our pleasures and sorrows, the tragedies and glories of life, and the imaginative mind will be able to conjure up before it a vivid picture of the conditions of existence in this era. What has been occupying the political world can be seen in the advertisement columns by the announcements of political meetings; from them, too, our learned friend would conclude that there were still at this period people who went to church, as well as concert and theatre, although from references from time to time in the news columns about empty churches he might be inclined to doubt it. The ailments of the race—either fancied or real—are strikingly set forth, and (but this will probably be a wrong deduction) what noble creatures posterity will think those eminent medical men and learned physicians who have so lavishly bestowed their knowledge and secrets on quacks and patent medicine vendors.

A story is told * that Mr. Gladstone was once asked how it was he took in the American editions of the monthly Magazines that published English editions, and he replied, that while he bought the English editions for his wife he himself preferred the American, because he wished to read American advertising. "I want to read it," he said, "because it interests me as reading; it interests me on account of the high character of illustration, and it is one of the means I have of gauging the material prosperity of the country." Thus he inferred from the nature and extent of the advertisements what articles of necessity and

* This is vouched for by Mr. W. Stead, Jun., in his book, "The Art of Advertising," a book which I have mainly followed in tracing the development of English advertisements.

luxury, books, works of art, and all that goes to make life pleasant, the people were ready to buy or might be induced to buy.

Advertising must be about as old as the human race, and has taken many different forms. Savages have through the centuries advertised their prowess on the field of battle by taking home the scalps of their fallen foes, and thus seem to betray their evolutionary relationship to a crowing fighting-cock; a Saint Simeon takes his stand on a pillar, proclaiming his piousness and virtue to the world; and the artist of the present day would announce his high vocation and superiority to mundane things by his uncut hair and unkempt attire. Truly the shopkeepers are not the only advertisers in the world. Some enthusiastic writers on the subject of advertisements have been careful to point out (precisely why, I cannot say) that the word "advertise" occurs twice in the Bible, in the Book of Numbers and in Ruth, but in both cases the word signifies "reveal" or "instruct," and strictly speaking in this acceptation is obsolete to-day, although the same idea is still involved in its use.

Shakespeare uses the word in its various forms, in the sense of inform, warn, notify, or advise, some twelve times, as when in King Henry VI. (Part iii. Act 2, Scene 1) he makes the Earl of Warwick say:—

For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in Parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.

In "Much Ado about Nothing," we have the line: "My griefs cry louder than advertisement" and *primâ facie* this would appear to be the modern word, but, an examination of the context proves it to mean rather, moral instruction or admonition.

The first employment of the word in its modern signification was made in the *London Gazette*, in April, 1666. The announcement commenced: "An advertisement from the Hearth Office in London, and addressed to to farmers in London concerning the Hearth Tax, etc."

In the same paper a month later the word was employed as a heading.

An Advertisement.—Being daily prest to the publication of Books, Medicines and other things not properly the business of a Paper of Intelligence, this is to notifie, once for all, that we will not charge the Gazette with Advertisements, unless they be matters of State; but that a paper of advertisements will be forthwith printed apart, and recommended to the public by another hand.

So much then for the word itself. The printing press has been inseparably bound up with advertising methods since the days of Caxton, who at once requisitioned his invention to aid him in extending his business. His quaint announcement, printed in "black letter," is worth recalling.

If it please any man, spiritual or temporal, to buy our pyes of two or three commemorations of Salisbury use emprinted after the form of this present letter, which been well and truly correct, let him come to Westminster unto the Almonry at the reed-pole and he shall have them good and chepe.

This circular letter would be sent forth in the third quarter of the 15th century, and it was not until the latter end of the reign of James I., who died in 1625, that a paper was issued from the press at regular intervals. In Elizabeth's reign the *English Mercurie* had had a brief existence, having served its purpose during the Armada scare. Since the reign of James there has been a

continuous growth of newspapers, and advertisements have become a constantly increasing factor in their success. It is a matter of interest to bookmen that booksellers were the first to avail themselves of the newspapers for making known their publications, although it may be a matter for regret, if we are to think that books alone then needed the aid of advertising to ensure their sale. The tables are turned to-day, however, for they now seem to sell with much less effort than soap and cigarettes.

Mr. Stead, in the book above referred to, says :

The earliest advertisement appearing in a periodical paper was printed four months before the execution of Charles the First at Whitehall, in a paper called *Mercurius Eleuticus* (No. 45), Oct. 4th, 1648:—The Reader is desired to peruse *A Sermon Intituled A Looking-glasse for Levellers*, preached at St. Peters, Pauls Warf, on Sunday, September 24th, 1648, by Paul Knell, Mr. of Arts. Another Tract called *A Reflex upon our Reformers*, with a Prayer for the Parliament.

Then follows an advertisement of two works appearing fourteen days later, and attention is drawn to the fact that both advertisements were printed only at the bottom of the page; it is presumed undisplayed.

The next advertisement did not appear until 1652. In January of that year the *Mercurius Politicus* contained an advertisement of a poem commemorating Cromwell's campaign in Ireland. It ran thus: "Irenodia Gratularia, an Heroick Poem: being a congratulatory Panegyrick for my Lord General's late return, summing up his success in an exquisite manner. To be sold by John Holden, in the New Exchange, London, printed by Thomas Newcourt, 1652."

This brief and not too high-flown puff, cannot be compared with the perfected work of the moderns, though we

may see the up-to-date advertisement there in embryo. Did Master Holden exercise a noble restraint, or do "congratulatory panegyrick" and "exquisite manner" betray the extent of his commendatory vocabulary?

The advertising methods of the present day in the book world, although inclined now and again to puffiness, are in most respects admirable.

The booklet issued by the various publishing houses, with brief notices and extracts from the books advertised, furnishes an excellent guide to the booklover in his quest for the most recent publications either in the shape of reprints of old books or the newest books of living authors. The deviations from plain straightforward descriptions are not numerous comparatively speaking. It is not often in this country such inflated rhetoric or tall talk heralds the birth of a new book, as that employed by the publishers of a recent six-shilling sensational shocker from the pen of a very popular lady novelist. The autumn season of 1902 was to be remarkable for the publication of the new romance. The portentous number of copies printed was absolutely without parallel in the history of literature. No good work needs such puffing, and though we can often forgive much in the way of exaggeration in advertisements, when we come to books we cry, hold; it is not required in books worth writing and printing, and where it is deemed requisite probably they had better never have seen the light of day.

The last autumn furnished us with another example of the same smart (so-called), bombastic advertising, and with regard to the work of another lady novelist. Whether the ladies write these announcements themselves, or whether men's imaginations becloud their judgment where women are concerned, I know not. But, be that as it may, in the advertisement referred to, some quotations from the

book, characterised as "wise and witty" sayings, merited censure as poorly expressed platitudes, and in a work too, which is recommended as "a brilliant study, etc."

Two of the wise and witty sayings will suffice here:—

If I had wings and covered them, people would say what a bad figure I had, and how badly my clothes fitted; but if I had cloven feet and went barefoot, everybody would smile and pity rather than blame.

Falling in love is an ideal sort of thing; and if you fell in love with a person, and then found he was sordid and commonplace, it would be like seeing an angel and then finding the angelic robes were made of cheap calico.

The *Academy* calls them merely commonplace and thinks their quotation could hardly have done the book a greater dis-service. Over-wrought enthusiasm and the critical faculty never run well together.

George Eliot has said "It is right and meet that there should be an abundant utterance of good sound common-places." The foregoing not coming under this category their abounding utterance is not needed and they were better left buried in the pages whence they were culled.

Publishers may be supposed to know their own business best, and we may therefore conclude that hyperbolical statement and fulsome adulation have been found to pay, but he is wise who avoids the books that require them. And if you would avoid the novels so be-puffed, much more would you, volumes of sermons. A paper with some pretensions to literary culture has recently made great efforts to sell the sermons of an American Divine. Their advertisement is a fine example of how not to do it, bold and imaginative though the rhetoric be. It is thus set forth:

It has been said of Dr. T—— "that he ransacked heaven and earth for his furious imagery." Blazing suns and

streaming banners, innumerable hosts and surges of the sea, thunder and lightning, the chaos of creation, the blackness of darkness, lighted by the lurid flames of everlasting fire—all these things and an infinity of others were hurled together by T—— in his most strenuous moments.

So it goes on, till it finishes with the question, "Do you want some of these sermons?" And you answer most emphatically in your best megaphonic voice, *NO!*

Such advertising is a nauseous Yankee importation. There are signs of its diminution in the land of its nativity. It is to be hoped its audacious life here will be brief. Satire and sarcasm are very effective weapons, and they have been called into action over the advertising of the first book to which reference has been made.

To-Day gave an excellent parody of the same. It is too long to quote here, but a similar satire very efficiently done being more brief may be reproduced.

Messrs. Singer and Co. have in the press a novel called "The Cutting of the Teeth," by Alice Ysabelle Yphygenya Jones. The novel is strictly and wonderfully original in that it is written entirely in words of one syllable. Miss Jones, who is but six years of age, tells us that she has never been beyond the walls of the nursery except in her carriage, and that her knowledge of mankind has been gained entirely through deep introspection. The novel, as may be gathered from its title, deals with the suffering incidental to the first entrance into the strenuous life, and is remarkable for its fidelity to truth and wealth of detail. No less than eighteen different sensations peculiar to the subject are described, and no one who recalls the emotion of the period of life with which the romance deals can fail to recognise the veracity of the accounts. The book is somewhat daring in its treatment of the problems presented, and will doubtless create much adverse criticism because of its freedom of

speech. Eight hundred and thirty-two thousand copies, however, have already been ordered, and every fast press in New York has been pressed into service to supply the demand which is foreseen.

The advertisements in question will have to be something more than the base metal they are, long to withstand the acidulated irony of attacks like these.

We have wandered too long from Mr. Holden and the poem on the Protector, which he endeavoured to sell. Let us return to our historical narrative.

We have seen that the bookseller was the first to avail himself of newspaper advertising. It has been remarked also that booksellers were the first to make use of the printing press for advertising purposes, but this is not surprising, inasmuch as, in the natural course of things, that which printed the books would be made the means of announcing them to the public.

The quack medicine vendor was the next to employ the new method of effecting sales, and he has developed the art of advertising more persistently, more successfully, and more offensively, than any other tradesman. The evening papers flourish on this gentleman's advertised nostrums, and it is a matter for surprise, knowing as we do the Briton's love of organised effort, that some combative reformer and faddist has not founded a society for the suppression of quackery and its concomitant evils, or at least, the papers that thrive on its mendacity and insinuations of the dreadful results, if the advice given be not taken.

I am not prepared to state whether tea is an antidote for pills and bitters, but this was the next article that the tradesmen thought it might be profitable to bring before the notice of the newspaper reader. Perhaps it was a surreptitious way of producing an increased consumption of

medicine by some enterprising quack, for we are persistently informed that tea-drinking is a noxious habit, unless the concoction be taken occasionally in small doses only.

While the merchant employed advertising in his endeavours to grow rich, the Merry Monarch utilized it in his quest for a lost dog. This was on the 28th of June, 1660, but without the desired result, hence appeared a second advertisement of great urgency, pervaded with conscious and unconscious humour,—at least it raises a smile on the face of those who have not the loss of the dog to deplore.

Thus saith the king, in a somewhat querulous and undignified tone it must be admitted, though he commences in the most approved royal fashion.

We must call upon you again for a Black Dog, between a greyhound and a spaniel, no white about him, only a streak upon his breast, and taylor a little bobbed. It is His Majesties own Dog, and he thinks was stolen, for the dog was not born or bred in England, and would never forsake his master. Whosoever finds him may acquaint any at Whitehall, for the dog was better known at Court than those who stole him. Will they never leave robbing His Majestie? Must he not keep a dog? This dog's place (though better than some imagine) is the only place which nobody offers to beg.

Whether the dog ever got back to its anxious master history does not disclose, but no doubt the king soon found solace for the loss of his friend in the gay company of his wits and courtesans.

The revolution of 1688 is a milestone in the history of advertisements. A time of turmoil and disturbance is not favourable to innovation and progress. When peace reigns, ideas spring up, and there is leisure and opportunity to

bring them to fruition. So in 1692* appeared the *City Mercury*, a paper published entirely in trade interests. Copies were distributed gratis in places of public resort in London, but, it ran its course in two years. It contained no news, or its existence might have been more protracted. It was not until 1745, when the *General Advertiser* was started, that the importance of the combination of news and advertisements was realised, and from that time advertisements and news have been inseparably associated. It had only about three score advertisements in each issue, an insignificant number when we think of the pages of present-day journals. Sailings, trade advertisements, and theatrical announcements occupied the columns of this paper. Theatres, which are now among the largest, most sensational, rampant and ubiquitous advertisers, were late in entering the field. The management of a small theatre in Lincoln's Inn led the way in 1701.

The success of the *General Advertiser* brought into the field many competitors which we will not chronicle, advertisers multiplied apace, and then the tax-gatherer appeared on the scene.

In 1712 a tax of one shilling had been levied on every advertisement appearing in any printed paper published weekly or oftener, and about the time of which we speak, it remained at this, but in 1757 it was increased to 2s. It reached high water mark in 1804 at 3s. 6d., stood at 1s. 6d. in 1833, and was finally abolished in 1853.

In 1832 the number of advertisements appearing in the newspapers of this country was less than a million. After the abolition of the advertisement duty in 1853, and the stamp tax in 1855, advertising increased by leaps and bounds. If the 3s. 6d. duty were in force to-day it would bring into the coffers of the State from the London

* This date is given by Mr. Stead, another authority gives it as 1675.

papers alone nearly £780,000 per annum. In 1828 the *Times* paid for newspaper duty stamps, advertisements, and paper duty, £68,000. It was then the premier paper of the land in every respect, but from the point of view of advertisements it is now left a long way behind by others.

In 1854, 122,000,000 separate copies of the newspapers of the day were printed in the British Isles; to-day the number is estimated to be seventeen times greater. The London papers have a circulation of over 3,000,000 copies daily, and a fair estimate of the amount spent on advertising in them is about a million and three-quarters per year.

The man with a turn for calculation finds that in the United States they spend about 600 million dollars every twelve months in advertising; and smart as they are reported to be on their side of the Atlantic, it is said that seventy-five per cent. of it is wasted on poor copy.

The popular magazine statistician would no doubt be able to inform us how much it would raise the level of the ocean if all the printers' ink now used in advertisements were poured forth into the sea; or how much of the earth's surface the advertisement sheets, coming each day from the world's press, would cover, and possibly bewilder us by many other ingenious and fanciful devices of his imagination, but we will not follow in his footsteps here.

No figures and no possible method of representation can adequately bring home to our minds the enormous amount of printed matter issuing from the press, and to say that the aggregate annual circulation of all the papers in the world exceeds 120,000 millions, only appals us by its immensity. Neither can we be quite sure that it is a matter upon which we can congratulate ourselves. It might possibly be to our inestimable advantage if the number of papers were diminished. Advertising, as we

have seen, has rendered possible an extensive newspaper press, but it is questionable whether its aid in the increase of many publications is to be looked upon as an unmixed blessing to mankind. Is it not just possible that we are the victims of mental dyspepsia by our almost constant habit of reading without thinking? Information needs classifying, ideas need assimilating, but this cannot be done with the newspaper and snippety paper ever before the eyes. We would not disparage the reading of "bits" if only it would lead to something else higher and better—but is that the case? It may more easily create a dislike for reading a lengthy book and render impossible any sustained effort of the mind. The influence of the press has, particularly in England, been for good, great good, apart from the class of paper under consideration. It has enlightened the people, ennobled their thoughts and expanded their outlook on life. It has brought men throughout the world in closer touch and relationship with one another, and is equally the mouthpiece of the crowned head, the aristocrat and the humblest citizen, while in the main it makes for the peace and welfare of the world. Broadly speaking the influence of newspapers is co-extensive with their circulation, but to obtain a wide circulation they must be sold at a low price, and this is not feasible without advertisements, so that we arrive at this conclusion that advertising, as the mainstay of the press, and the motive power of commerce, is, if only indirectly, a great civilising and educative force in the world.

No paper on this subject would be complete without reference to some of its humorous phases. Seeing that advertising has for its main object the promotion of business, which is generally a hard, matter-of-fact affair, it is not surprising that the framers of advertisements have eschewed humour in the great majority of their produc-

tions. To the close student of the mural announcements of our cities it has been apparent for some time past that the humorous is establishing itself as an effective method of attracting public attention, and seeing that in the words of our enthusiastic friend previously quoted at the commencement of this paper, "the greatest writers of business and of literature, and of art, and of science, assist in the preparation of 'publicity' matter," we may expect great developments in all branches of the art, while it is within the bounds of possibility that the advertising stations, urban and suburban, will run *Punch* hard in the humorous line. I opine that in the afore-mentioned galaxy of talent there will be the sound and capacious minds, which Landor desiderates for the creation of genuine humour and true wit, and ere long perhaps the advertisement world will have begotten its Cervantes, Fielding, Goldsmith or Mark Twain, for whose creations we shall look as for the latest novel or play, and their brilliant fancies shall be to us as stars in the firmament, not only a joy and a delight, but guides on our way—the thorny path of expenditure. Pending the arrival of these humorous spirits, we have to possess our souls in patience. Among much that is absolutely in the best comic vein even now, the world has, however, to submit to such specimens of humour, as that of an enterprising firm of undertakers, who literally covered the country in close proximity to their place of business with road-side signs that must have been a never failing source of comfort to the passing invalid. One was "Undertaking as it should be undertaken." Another "Finest rubber-tyred hearse in the State," while one was an open invitation to all, with a fine euphuism "Caskets of every design. Open day and night."

The billposter occasionally assists in rendering life more

tolerable by providing us with a joke, though it may be disconcerting for the parties immediately affected by his little vagaries.

Two rival theatrical billposters created an unpleasant sensation for a New York singer. The story runs that one was "billing" a noted diva, the other, a rollicking farce-comedy. The man who was posting for the farce performance was in advance of the other and put up his paper. His rival came on the scene and super-imposed his advertisement without noticing that his sheet was too short. The result of their united operations was that the poster read:—

Madlle — Metropolitan Opera House,
To-night, etc., etc.,

until you reached the bottom line:—

A scream from start to finish.

We are all familiar with the wrongly-punctuated advertisements which appear from time to time in the columns of the newspapers, and whereby there arise extraordinary perversions of the very obvious meaning. It is to be suspected that the wag is often the originator of some of the most flagrant examples of this style of literary effort. There is an air of reality, however, about the following. Most probably the wording and spelling expressed the correct state of affairs, and it is a matter for regret, if the advertiser did not get all she desired. It ran:

Wanted by a respectable girl, her passage to New York,
willing to take care of children and a good sailor.

Another of the same type appeared thus:—

A respectable widow wants washing for Tuesday.

Rather abrupt, certainly, and somewhat ambiguous. But

if you are very explicit you are still liable to be misconstrued. A firm advertised for a boy "to be partly outside and partly behind the counter."

I hesitate to introduce Macaulay's "New Zealander," yet, one cannot help imagining what opinions our Antipodean visitor will form of the inhabitants of these Islands at this period of its history, in the absence of further information, if his eye meets such an advertisement as the one just mentioned. He will be writing home that the boys could split themselves in two, or be in two places at the same time. He will also deduce strange ideas as to our size and construction when he reads of there being to let "Furnished Apartments for gentleman with folding doors," and, "Wanted: room by two gentlemen about 30ft. long by 20ft. broad." His inference as to the high degree of sanitation reached by the people will be more diverting than correct, when his eye alights on the line, "Wanted for the summer a cottage by a family with good drainage." This suggests the existence of some patent arrangements. We can imagine the savants of that distant time lamenting their want of knowledge of the artificial system of drainage in vogue in the anatomy of Twentieth Century man. There will be endless discussion, clever theories promulgated, plausible conclusions arrived at, and it will all serve to increase their reasoning and imaginative faculties, so that our silly wags and the muddled and illiterate advertisers will not have lived in vain, but have contributed their quota to the delectation of the individual and the mental improvement of the race.

Pitfalls in writing are numerous, and the best exponents of the art fall therein not infrequently. A course of advertisement writing would prove of inestimable benefit to a few present-day novelists. On resuming their literary pursuits they might be less ambiguous and circumlocutory.

They might be cured of their pleonastic exuberance and verbose prolixity, and write their masterpieces in a style forceful, clear, eloquent, comprehensive and captivating. Terse epigrammatic phraseology wedded with high thought, and the exposition of sound principles of conduct, be they in novel or sermon, command a ready audience. Would that our writers of to-day realised these things and practised them! How much better would it be for the writer and publisher, reader and reviewer; the first would benefit pecuniarily, the readers with literary tastes have their susceptibilities less often offended, and the reviewers would have the enjoyable task of praising where they now have so often cause to blame.

The writer who has hitherto been his own critic, would be less diffident about passing the book into other hands for review and advertisement purposes, were he more assured of its merits and convinced of the absence of the defects noted. Were books better written; did they deal worthily with their subjects we should have fewer complaints about the advertising assistance that authors mutually render to each other, for no one can ever blame the recommendation of a good thing. Whether the assistance is so general as is sometimes alleged is not established. References which are made to log-rolling are seldom supported by facts, and the judicious mind must refuse to accept the mere *ipse dixit* of any man, no matter who he may be. It should be possible to put the case against such a nefarious practice with the facts so stated, as to avoid actions for libel, and yet be convincing.

Self-praise and self-advertisement is not altogether a modern innovation. Even Bunyan's great work—now more than two centuries old—was ushered into the world with an "appreciation" by its author. Nominally, it is an "apology," but before John puts up his pen he under-

takes to show the profit of his book, and as might be expected does it in no half-hearted fashion. It is a fine commendation, and although it is self-advertising it is done openly and honestly with the author's name attached so that the reader is not deceived. But we do take exception to the secret reviewing of one's own book, and brand the author as a rogue when he is found out.

There are many other phases of the advertising question upon which we might touch. At times efforts have been made to preserve the country and condemn the spirit of commercialism which would despoil the greatest works of nature for a dividend, and we might pour out here the vials of our wrath on the farmers who rent their fields for hoardings, whose gorgeously decorated faces look upon us in our railway travels; we might animadvert on the hysterical, and not always truthful statements of some newspaper contents bills which greet us in our entry upon the day's work; we might vituperate against the character of many of the play advertisements which disfigure our streets, and the too-glaring evidence of a bill-sticking fraternity, but we will refrain. Our artistic sense may be offended, and the delicate perception of our visual organs blunted by the crude inharmonious colouring of a bill-posting station, but, as we cannot stem the tide of advertising—and would not, for economic reasons, if we could,—we can only trust that improvements in the printing and lithographic arts will speedily be forthcoming, and that the influence of such advertisement designs as those of Jules Cheret (the pioneer in art posters), Dudley Hardy, Walter Crane and men of that class, may be increasingly felt, so that more pleasing and refined methods may prevail to attract the wayfarer's wandering mind, thus satisfying advertiser and public alike, and giving less cause for grieving to lovers of what is good, true and beautiful.

600 pp. Crown 4to.
15s. Net.

30 pp. Introduction.
Limited Issue.

SHAKESPEARE'S EUROPE.

THE FOURTH PART OF

Fynes Moryson's
Itinerary

Being a Survey of the Condition of Europe at the
beginning of the 17th Century

With an Introduction and an Account of
Fynes Moryson's Career

BY

CHARLES HUGHES, B.A. (Lond. and Vict.).

PUBLISHERS :

SHERRATT & HUGHES, 27 ST. ANN STREET, MANCHESTER.

250 pp.
Crown 8vo. Cloth.

Price 5s.
Net.

PASCAL

By ÉMILE BOUTROUX

*Member of the French Institute; Professor of Modern Philosophy
at the University of Paris.*

TRANSLATED BY
ELLEN MARGARET CREAK

With Portraits, Illustrations, and Notes

PUBLISHED BY
SHERRATT & HUGHES, 27 ST. ANN STREET, MANCHESTER.

Crown 4to.
100 pp.

Price 2s. 6d. Net.
20 full-page Illustrations.

Manchester and the Atlantic Traffic

By T. M. YOUNG

(Author of "The American Cotton Industry")

WITH A PLAN AND ILLUSTRATIONS

PUBLISHED BY
SHERRATT & HUGHES, LONDON & MANCHESTER.

160 pp.
Crown 8vo.

Price 4s. 6d.
net.

UNDINE

A LYRICAL DRAMA

By E. HAMILTON MOORE

AUTHOR OF
"RIENZI" & "YGRAINE"

PUBLISHED BY
SHERRATT & HUGHES, 27 ST. ANN STREET, MANCHESTER

